This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

SIGILL SANCTE MARIE
SARUESBURIENSIS ECCLIE

SEQUENCES.

BIBLIOTHECA
JUL 1871
BODLEIANA

SEQUENCES FROM THE SARUM MISSAL,

WITH ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS.

BY CHARLES BUCHANAN PEARSON,

PREBENDARY OF SARUM AND RECTOR
OF KNEBWORTH.

LONDON:
BELL AND DALDY, YORK STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.
1871.

147. g. 290.

CHISWICK PRESS :—WHITTINGHAM AND WILKINS,
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

PREFACE.

WHAT is a Sequence? is a question which has so often been put to me, that I am led to think the number of those who know the answer is limited, and that a few words of explanation may not be superfluous for general readers.

A brief reference must be made to the internal arrangements of mediæval churches. In the early Basilicas, as St. Clemente and St. Pancrasius at Rome, the Epistle and Gospel were said at two low pulpits, a little below the altar; these were in process of time set at the end of the quire, and, in common with the quire itself, raised to some height above the floor of the church; lastly, they were still further raised, and united together by a gallery, thus completing the development of that peculiar feature of mediæval churches, the Rood loft. The reading of the Epistle being ended, the "Gradual" and "Alleluia" were chanted; during which, to

BIBLIOTHECA
JUL 1871
BODLEIANA.

add dignity to the reading of the Gospel, which in all Churches, east and west, was distinguished by all available pomp, a procession was formed, consisting, according to Sarum use, of the deacon bearing the "text,"[1] preceded by a thurifer, candle-bearer, and cross-bearer, and the subdeacon carrying the book out of which the deacon was to read the Gospel. The passage of the procession from the altar, and its ascension to the pulpit or rood-loft, occupied some minutes, and, to avoid a break in the chanting between the Alleluia and the Gospel, the final "a" of the Alleluia was prolonged by a run or cadence, called a "Neuma," extending sometimes to nearly a hundred notes. This was both unmeaning in itself and difficult to retain in the memory, but it continued practically unaltered for some three hundred years, and was in fact the Sequence, *Sequentia*, properly so called.

It happened about A. D. 851 that the Abbey of Jumiéges in Normandy, the fine ruins of which still remain, was sacked by a predatory band, and the monks were scattered abroad, carrying with them their service books, their most precious treasures. One of them found refuge in the Abbey of S. Gall, (where Charlemagne founded a school of church music,) and brought with him an Antiphonarium of S. Gregory. The monks of S. Gall

[1] The "text" was the book of the four Gospels, beautifully bound, and used, not to be read from, but as a "Pax," for the faithful to kiss.

observed with curiosity that the "Neuma" of the Alleluia had words set to it, poor and in bad taste, but better and easier to remember than a series of notes on the syllable "a," and they therefore welcomed them as a great improvement.

A young monk of S. Gall, named Notker, was led to attempt the composition of a new and better series of words, suitable to the Feasts of the Church, whence sprang the Sequences usually called Notkerian. Much has been learnedly and ingeniously written by Dr. Neale and others about their metre, upon which I will not enter; suffice it to say, that the rules by which they consider them to be governed appear to me extremely vague, and to have been constantly infringed in practice, until the days of Adam de S. Victor, who lived about the middle of the 12th century, and reduced the sequence to a much more polished and rhythmical form. Without subscribing to Dr. Neale's dictum that Adam de S. Victor is "the greatest Latin poet, not only of mediæval, but of all ages," we may certainly rank his sequences very high, both as compositions of great devotional beauty and as elegant Latin odes.

In the earliest sequences the choir often seems intended to enact the part of the chorus in a Greek play; as, for example, in those for Easter Day, and Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday in Easter Week. They abound in mystical and allegorical interpretations of Scripture, which, however fanciful such symbolism may sound to some modern ears, may

at least redeem the mediæval church from the charge too often brought against it, of ignorance of the Bible, and neglect and discouragement of its careful study. I may instance the sequences for Easter Monday, Wednesday in Whitsun Week, and "Holy Cross," all by Adam de S. Victor; and those for Whitsun-Thursday and the "Common of an Evangelist." Many latinized Greek words occur in some of them, particularly in the sequence for "S. Michael and All Angels," where we find such words as "neumatum," "categorizant," "uranica," "sophia," "usia," "agalmata," "thymiamata;" also, in that for Whitsun-Thursday, a whole line of Greek words occurs; this, coupled with the retention of the *Kyries*, and ἅγιος on Good Friday, points to a Greek origin for the Missal itself. In others we find simple metrical recitations of the history of our Blessed Lord; as in those for Epiphany, the Sunday after Easter, Ascension Day, and the "Five Wounds of Christ." Others present that reverent contemplation of the sacred mysteries of Redemption which in all ages has animated the sweet Psalmists of the Church, as particularly the sequence for the "Name of Jesus."

In the translations I have attempted, many of which have already appeared in the "Sarum Missal in English," I have not thought it necessary to endeavour to reproduce the double rhyme of the original, which, however suitable to the genius of the Latin language, unavoidably fetters the choice

of words at the command of an English translator, reducing him either to acquiesce in a periphrasis or a weak word to serve the rhyme, or to sacrifice the latter in order to give vigour and truth to the translation. It seemed to me best to accept the latter alternative. Most of the Notkerian sequences which I originally threw into blank verse I have now recast in metres similar to those in use for English hymns, in the hope that some may be found not unworthy of adoption hereafter.

The Sequences in the Sarum Missal originally numbered eighty-six: of these I have omitted many as in themselves of inferior merit, and others as containing doctrines open to question, if not sometimes decidedly at variance with those of the Church Catholic. This latter circumstance no doubt had its influence in determining their ultimate abolition from the Roman Missal. Hymns, as a general rule, furnish a species of safety-valve by which religious enthusiasts, whose zeal is greater than their theology, give comparatively harmless vent to their doctrinal extravagancies; but what might be tacitly tolerated in breviary or occasional services would naturally be more closely scrutinized when designed for use in the Missal. Whether for that or any other reason, however, sequences have long been practically eliminated from the Roman use, with four exceptions,[1] which are so well known and have

[1] "Laudes Sion Salvatorem," "Victimæ Paschali," "Veni, Sancte Spiritus," and "Dies Iræ."

been so well and often translated that I have only given one of them, "Victimæ Paschali," and that chiefly because the last lines are altered from the Sarum Use by the Roman. I need hardly observe that even these four are now sung like ordinary hymns; as in the 17th century Rood-lofts themselves seem either to have been pulled down or converted into organ-lofts: at all events the Gospel is no longer said from them, so that Sequences *eo nomine* are a thing of the past. I ought perhaps to add that I did not meet with Dr. Neale's translations of several of these sequences until my own had already been published in the "Sarum Missal in English:" the rest, as far as I know, are hitherto untranslated.

I hope the selection here given may be regarded with some interest, as presenting a fair specimen of what may be called the ancient "Lyra Eucharistica" of the illustrious Cathedral Church of Sarum.

C. B. P.

Knebworth, Advent, 1870.

INDEX.

	Page
AD celebres, Rex cœlice	118
Alma Chorus Domini	78
Benedicta sit beata Trinitas	82
Cœleste organum hodie sonuit	18
Cœnam cum discipulis	136
Concinat orbis cunctus alleluya	46
Dic nobis quibus è terris nova	50
Dulce Nomen Jesu Christi	102
Ecce pulchrâ canorum resonet voce	130
Eia recolamus laudibus piis	22
Epiphaniam Domino	26
Fulgens præclara	30
Hierusalem et Sion filiæ	86
Jesus dulcis Nazarenus	104
Jubilemus omnes una	10
Lætabundus exsultet (*Dedication of Church*)	92
Lætabundus exultet (*St. Bernard*)	148
Laudes Crucis attollamus	112
Laudes Deo devotas	80
Laudes Salvatori voce	56
Laus devotâ mente	124
Lux jocunda, lux insignis	72
Mirabilis Deus in sanctis	132

Page
Missus Gabriel de cœlis 152
Mittit ad Virginem 156
Nato canunt omnia 12
Prone casta concio cantica 44
Quam dilecta tabernacula 96
Qui regis sceptra forti dextrâ 8
Regnantem sempiterna per sæcla 6
Rex omnipotens, die hodiernâ 64
Salus eterna, indeficiens 2
Salve, crux sancta 100
Sancti Spiritûs adsit nobis gratia 68
Si vis verè gloriari 142
Sonent Regi nato nova cantica 16
Victimæ Paschali laudes 54
Zyma vetus expurgetur 36

SEQUENCES.

IN DOMINICA PRIMA ADVENTUS.

SALUS eterna, indeficiens mundi vita,
Lux sempiterna, et redemptio vere
nostra,
Condolens humana perire sæcla, per
tentantis numina,
Non linquens excelsa, adîsti ima propriâ clementiâ.
Mox Tuâ spontaneâ gratiâ assumens humana
Quæ fuerunt perdita, omnia salvâsti terrea,
Ferens mundo gaudia.
Tu animas et corpora
Nostra, Christe, expia ;
Ut possideas lucida
Nosmet habitacula.
Adventu primo justifica ;
In secundoque nos libera ;

FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

THOU for ever our salvation,
Thou the life of all creation,
Thou our hope of restoration,
Thou the never-failing Light;
Grieving for man's loss impending,
By the tempter's wiles pretending,
Camest down Thine aid extending,
Leaving not the starry height.
In our flesh Thy glory veiling,
All on earth, in ruin failing,
Thou didst save by might prevailing,
Bringing joy to all our race.
Grant, O Christ, Thine expiation,
Unto us Thine own creation,
Take us for an habitation

Ut cum, factâ luce magnâ,
Judicabis omnia;
Compti stolâ incorruptâ
Nosmet tua subsequamur mox vestigia quocumque visa.

Amen.

Cleansed for Thyself to grace.
By Thy first humiliation
Grant us, Lord, justification;
When again in exaltation
Thou shalt come, O set us free:
When in glory manifested
Thou the secret heart hast tested,
In unsullied robes invested
May we closely follow Thee!

Sequences during the Sundays in Advent are peculiar to the Gallican type of Missal, under which the Sarum use must be classed. They furnish specimens of those ending in A in each verse,—a rule, however, rarely without exception; nor does it appear always possible to divide them into lines consisting of the same number of syllables.

IN DOMINICA SECUNDA ADVENTUS.

REGNANTEM sempiterna per sæcla
susceptura
Concio devota concrepa;
Divino sono Factori reddendo debita.
Cui jubilant agmina cælica ejus vultu exhilarata,
Quem expectant omnia terrea ejus nutu examinanda:
Districtum ad judicia,
Clementem in potentiâ.
Tuâ nos salva, Christe, clementiâ, propter quos
passus es dira;
Ad poli astra subleva nitida, Qui sorde tergis
sæcula.
Influat salus vera effugans pericula:
Omnia ut sint munda tribue pacifica:
Ut hic Tuâ salvi misericordiâ
Læti regna post adeamus supera:
Quo regnas sæcula per infinita.

Amen.

SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

LET the choir devoutly bring
Welcome to th' eternal King,
And with one consent renew
The Creator's homage due.
Him angelic legions praise,
On His face enraptured gaze.
On Him wait all earthly things
Till His nod their trial brings.
Awful He in judgments deep
Yet in might doth mercy keep;
By Thine agony of woe
Pity, Lord, and save us now.
To the gleaming stars on high
Raise the world in purity:
Let Thy saving health appear
Scattering perils far and near.
Bid the universe be clean,
Let us live in peace serene,
Till unto those realms we soar
Where Thou reignest evermore.

IN DOMINICA TERTIA ADVENTUS.

QUI regis sceptra forti dextrâ, solus cuncta,
Tu plebi tuæ ostende magnam excitando
potentiam.
Præsta Illi dona salutaria,
Quem prædixèrunt prophetica vaticinia.
A clarâ poli regiâ
In nostra, Jesu, veni, Domine, arva.

THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

THOU Who dost each earthly throne
Rule by Thy right hand alone,
Raise up Thy great power and shine,
Show Thy flock Thy face divine.
Saving gifts on Him bestow
Whom the prophets did foreshow.
From the palace of the sky
Jesu, to our land draw nigh.

IN DOMINICA QUARTA ADVENTUS.

JUBILEMUS omnes una
Deo nostro Qui creavit omnia.
Per Quem cuncta condita sunt sæcula,
Cælum quod plurimâ luce coruscat, et diversa
sidera;
Sol, mundi schema, noctium decus luna, cæteraque
splendentia:
Mare, solum, altum, plana, ac profunda flumina:
Aeris ampla spatia, quæ discurrunt aves, venti
atque pluvia;
Hæc simul cuncta Tibi Deo soli Patri militant
Nunc et in ævum sine fine per sæcula; laus eorum
Tua gloria;
Qui pro salute nostrâ Prolem unicam
Pati in terram misisti sine culpâ; sed ob nostra
delicta.
Te, Trinitas, precamur et corpora nostra et corda
Regas, et protegas; et dones peccatorum veniam.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

BEFORE the all-creating Lord
Let us rejoice with one accord,
Who made the worlds, the beaming sky,
The stars that glitter variously;
The sun, creation's central light,
The moon which softly decks the night,
All other orbs that gleam around,
Sea, land, hills, plains, and deeps profound;
The air, where fly the feather'd tribes,
The winds go forth, the tempest rides;
All, now and ever, Thee alone,
Ceaselessly praising, Father own;
Who to this lower earth hast sent
Thine only Son, all innocent,
Bringing salvation from on high,
For our transgressions here to die.
To Thee, blest Trinity, we pray,
Guide all our goings in Thy way,
Control our wills, our hearts revive,
To our offences pardon give.

IN NOCTE NATIVITATIS DOMINI.

AD MISSAM IN GALLICANTU.

NATO canunt omnia
Domino piè agmina,
Syllabatim pneumata
Perstringendo organica:
Hæc dies sacrata,
In quâ nova sunt gaudia
Mundo plenè edita.
Hâc nocte præcelsâ
Intonuit et gloria
In voce angelicâ.
Fulserunt et immania
Nocte mediâ
Pastoribus lumina,
Dum fovent sua pecora
Subito diva
Percipiunt monita.
Natus almâ Virgine
Qui extat ante sæcula;
Est immensa in cælo
Gloria, pax et in terrâ.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

AT MIDNIGHT.[1]

ALL hosts, above, beneath,
Sing the Incarnate Lord,
With instruments and pious breath
Attune each measured word.
This is the hallow'd morn
When on our fallen race
In full effulgence rose the dawn
Of new-born joy and grace.
Glory to God on high,
On this renownëd night
Was thundered forth in harmony
By angel legions bright.
Amazing splendours shone,—
A strange unwonted sight,—
Upon the shepherds biding lone
Under the veil of night.
Sudden, while peacefully
They watch'd their sheep-folds still,

[1] Probably early in the 11th Century.

Sic ergo cæli caterva
Altissimè jubilat,
Et tanto tremore tremat
Alta poli machina.
Sonet et per omnia
Hàc in die gloria
Voce clarâ reddita.
Humana concrepent cuncta
Deum natum in terrâ.
Confracta sunt imperia
Hostis crudelissima;
Pax in terris reddita.
Nunc lætentur omnia,
Nati per exordia;
Solus Qui tuetur omnia,
Solus Qui condidit omnia,
Ipse suâ pietate solvat
Omnia peccata nostra.

Good tidings wafted from on high
  Their ears attentive fill.
Who was before all time
  Is born of purest Maid;
Glory to God in heights sublime,
  Peace comes the world to aid.
E'en thus the choir on high
  Sings praises jubilant,
From pole to pole their voices fly,
  Heaven echoes to their chant.
Let all with thrilling voice
  Give back the glorious lay,
Let the wide universe rejoice,
  That God is born this day.
Burst are the iron chains
  Which held the world in thrall;
The cruel foe no longer reigns,
  Peace is restored to all.
For lo! an order new
  Doth the glad world adorn;
Let all things render praises due
  Unto the Virgin-Born.
He all upholds alone,
  He all alone did frame;
May He Who hath such pity shown
  Blot out our sin and shame.

AD MISSAM IN AURORA.

CONENT Regi nato nova cantica
Cujus Pater fecit omnia; Mater est virgo sacratissima.
Generans Hic nescit fœminam; illa est sine viro gravida.
Verbum corde Patris genitum ante sæcula
Alvus matris gessit corporatum per tempora.
O mira genitura! O stupenda nativitatis!
O Proles gloriosa! Humanata Divinitas!
Sic Te nasciturum, Fili Dei, vates docti Tuo Spiritu dixerant:
Sic, Te oriente, laudes Tibi cantant, pacem terris Angeli nunciant;
Elementa vultus exhilarant,
Omnes sancti gaudentes jubilant,
Salve, clamantes, nosque salva,
Deitas in Personis Trina,
Simplex Usiâ.

AT DAY-BREAK.[1]

UNTO the King new-born new praises sing,
Whose Father by His word did frame the worlds,
Whose mother a most hallow'd Virgin is;
Begotten of the Father, God of God,
Born of His mother without carnal stain,
Word of the Father ere the world was made,
In the full time forth from His mother's womb
He issues in a human body veil'd.
O wonderful, mysterious generation!
O most astonishing Nativity!
O glorious Child! O Deity incarnate!
So had the prophets, by Thy Spirit moved,
Declared Thou shouldst be born, Thou Son of God!
So, at Thy dawning, angels sing Thee praises,
And to the earth glad tidings bring of peace.
The face of all the elements is gladden'd,
And all the saints exultingly rejoice,
Crying, All hail! save us, we pray, O God,
In Persons Trine, one undivided Substance.

[1] Probably of the 10th Century.

AD TERTIAM MISSAM.

CŒLESTE organum hodie sonuit in terrâ;
Ad partum virginis superum cecinit caterva.
Quid facis humana turba, cur non gaudes cum superâ?
Vigilat pastorum cura, vox auditur angelica,
Cantabant inclyta carmina, plena pace et gloriâ.
Ad Christum referunt propria, nobis canunt ex gratiâ.
Nec cunctorum sunt hæc dona, sed mens quorum erit bona—
Non sunt absolute data, sed decenter sunt prolata.
Affectus deserant vitia, et sic nobis pax est illa, quia bonis est promissa;
Junguntur superis terrea, ob quod quidem laus est juncta, sed decenter est divisa.
Gaude, homo, cum perpendis talia;
Gaude, caro, facta Verbi socia.
Nunciant Ejus ortum sidera lucis per indicia.

AT THE THIRD MASS.

THIS day celestial melody
  Resounded o'er the earth,
What time the Virgin bare a Son,
  Seraphs proclaim'd His birth.
What aileth thee, thou world below?
  Haste thee with them to sing;
In pastoral charge the shepherds watch,
  Hark! angel voices ring,
Chanting their strains of holy joy,
  With glory fraught and peace,
To Christ they render homage due,
  To us they sing of grace.
Not unto all such gifts are given,
  But to the good of heart,
Not irrespectively bestow'd,
  But measured by desert.
Affections must be wean'd from sin,
So shall we gain that peace within
  Reserved for pure in heart;

Ineunt duces gregum lumina Bethlehem usque
prævia.
Invenitur Rex cælorum inter animalia.
Arcto jacet in præsepe Rex Qui cingit omnia.
Stella maris, Quem tu paris, colit Hunc Ecclesia,
Ipsi nostra per te pia placeant servitia.
Resonent cuncta redempta.

Lo! earth is join'd with things divine,
In this respect their lays combine,
But fitly fall apart.
O man, rejoice, and ponder this accord;
O flesh, rejoice, associate with the Word.
His rising by the stars is told
With indicating light;
Lo! star-lit chiefs to Bethlehem
Follow that planet bright.
The King of Heaven is cradled found
Amid the beasts He made,
In a rude manger's narrow bed
The Lord of all is laid.
Star of the sea! Thy Blessed Son
The Holy Church adores,
That He our service will accept
Devoutly she implores.
Let each redeemëd thing the Redeemer's praises sing.

IN DIE CIRCUMCISIONIS DOMINI.

EIA recolamus laudibus piis digna
Hujus diei gaudia,
In quâ nobis lux oritur gratissima,
Noctis interit nebula,
Pereunt nostri criminis umbracula.
Hodii sæculo maris Stella est enixa
Novæ salutis gaudia,
Quem tremunt barathra,
Mors cruenta pavet ipsa,
A Quo peribit mortua:
Gemit capta pestis antiqua,
Coluber lividus perdit spolia,
Homo lapsus, ovis abducta,
Revocatur in æterna gaudia.
Gaudent in hâc die agmina
Angelorum cælestia,
Quia erat drachma decima
Perdita, et est inventa.
O Proles nimium beata,
Quâ redempta est natura;
Deus, Qui creavit omnia,
Nascitur ex fœminâ.

ON THE CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST.

(NOTKER.)

LET us devoutly pay
With joy and praises meet,
Our reverence to this holy day,
Which dawns with radiance sweet.
Darkness hath pass'd away,
The mist of night retires,
The Day Star of the sea to-day
With health the world inspires.
He of her womb is born
Before Whom hell doth shake,
And conscious of his empire shorn
Grim death himself doth quake.
Despoil'd the serpent mourns,
Who wrought the world's annoy;
Fall'n man, the erring sheep, returns,
Restored to endless joy.
With songs the angelic host
Make all the heaven resound,
That the tenth piece, which once was lost,
This day is safely found.

Mirabilis natura, mirificè induta,
Assumens quod non erat manens quod erat.
Induitur naturâ Divinitas humanâ,
Quis audivit talia, dic, rogo, facta?
Quærere venerat pastor pius quod perierat,
Induit galeam, certat ut miles armaturâ.
Prostratus in sua propria
Ruit hostis spicula;
Auferuntur tela,
In quibus fidebat; divisa
Sunt illius spolia,
Capta præda sua.
Christi pugna fortissima
Salus nostra est vera,
Qui nos summam ad patriam
Duxit post victoriam,
In quâ Tibi laus est æterna.

O offspring highly blest,
  Redeeming man forlorn,
God, Maker of the world confest,
  Is of a woman born.
What marvel passing strange
  This nature doth enfold!
Taking the new without a change,
  Retaining still the old.
The very Godhead is
  In human flesh array'd:
What ear of earthly witnesses
  Hath heard such things essay'd?
To seek that which was lost
  The Shepherd good came down;
Like warrior armëd at his post
  A helm His head doth crown.
On his own darts the foe
  Himself doth headlong thrust;
Stripp'd of his arms he lieth low,
  Wherein he put his trust.
Divided is the spoil,
  The captor captive ta'en;
Christ's valiant fight the foe doth foil,
  And sure salvation gain.
Then to His home on high
  Our Champion led the way,
Triumphing in His victory,
  Where Thou art praised for aye.

IN DIE EPIPHANIÆ.

EPIPHANIAM Domino
Canamus gloriosam;
Quâ Prolem Dei
Vere magi adorant;
Immensam Chaldæi
Cujus per sæcla
Venerantur potentiam;
Quem cuncti prophetæ
Præcinuêre venturum
Gentes ad salvandas;
Cujus majestas ita est inclinata
Ut assumeret servi formam;
Ante sæcula Qui Deus et tempora
Homo factus est ex Mariâ.
Balaam de Quo vaticinans,
Exibit ex Jacob
Rutilans, inquit, stella,
Et confringet ducum agmina
Regionis Moab
Maximâ potentiâ.
Huic magi munera
Deferunt præclara,
Aurum simul, thus et myrrham.

THE EPIPHANY.

LET us duly magnify
This renown'd Epiphany,
To the Child of God to-day
Wise men rightful homage pay.
Whom, immeasurably great,
Chaldee sages venerate,
To Whose coming, man to save,
All the prophets witness gave :
His majestic throne on high,—
Such His great humility,—
He refused not to forsake,
And a servant's form to take;
God from all eternity,
Ere the world began to be,
He was man of Mary made :
Whom predicting Balaam said,—
Out of Jacob, seen from far,
There shall come a flaming star,
Which with power shall smite the host
Of Moab to his utmost coast.
Him their costly offering,
Gold, myrrh, incense, wise men bring.

[1] The 14th or 15th Century.

Thure Deum prædicant,
Auro Regem magnum,
Hominem mortalem myrrhâ.
In somnis hos monet
Angelus, ne redeant
Ad regem commotum propter regna;
Pavebat etenim
Nimium Regem natum,
Verens amittere regni jura;
Magi, sibi stellâ micante præviâ,
Pergunt alacres itinera patriam
Quæ eos ducebat ad propriam;
Linquentes Herodis mandata.
Qui percussus corde nimium præ irâ,
Extemplo mandat infantulos per cuncta
Inquiri Bethleem confinia,
Et mox privari eos vitâ.
Omnis nunc caterva tinnulum jungat laudibus organi pneuma,
Mysticè offerens Regi regum Christo munera pretiosa,
Poscens ut per orbem regna omnia protegat in sæcula sempiterna.

God, sweet incense; precious gold
A King; myrrh doth a Man unfold:
Angel-warned, no word they bring
Back to Herod, ruthless king,
Fearing much, in rage and hate,
He should lose his royal state.
Lo! the star before them went,
Homeward on their journey bent,
Glad they seek their native land,
Heeding not the king's command.
Madden'd with exceeding ire
Forth he sends the mandate dire
Throughout Bethlehem's coasts to seek
And to slay the infants meek.
Now the choir their voice unite,
Organs swell with mystic rite,
Bringing to the King of kings,
Praise and costly offerings.
O'er all kingdoms, o'er all lands
May He spread His sheltering hands,
Ever present to defend,
Unto worlds that never end.

IN DIE SANCTO PASCHÆ.

FULGENS præclara
Rutilat per orbem hodie dies, in quà
Christi lucida
Narrantur ovanter prælia,
De hoste superbo quem Jesus triumphavit, pulchrè
castra
Illius perimens teterrima.
Infelix culpa Evæ
Quâ caruimus omnes vitâ
Felix Proles Mariæ
Quâ epulamur modo unà.
Benedicta sit celsa Regina illa,
Generans Regem spoliantem tartara,
Pollentem jam in æthera.
Rex in æternum suscipe benignus
Præconia nostra,
Sedulè Tibi canentia,
Patris sedens ad dextram,
Victor ubique morte superatâ,
Atque triumphatâ,
Polorum possidens gaudia.
O magna, O celsa, O pulchra,
Clementia Christi

EASTER DAY.[1]

THIS day the dawn glows bright above the sun
Telling how Christ hath fought and glorious victory won.
Jesus hath triumphed o'er the haughty foe,
And his foul camp majestic hath laid low.
Unhappy sin of Eve
Of which all death do reap;
O happy Mary's Child
With whom now feast we keep.
Blest be the Queen exalted high
Bearing the King who puissantly
Despoiled hell and reigneth in the sky.
O King for ever, graciously
Accept our heralding of Thee,
To Thee at God's Right Hand on high,
Crying aloud incessantly.
Death's power in all lands o'erthrown,
Thou in triumph high art gone
To joys of Heaven which are Thine own.
O vast, O lovely clemency,
Light-giving boon of Christ on high

[1] Early in the 16th Century.

Luciflua, O alma.
Laus Tibi honorque ac virtus,
Qui nostram antiquam
Leviasti sarcinam.
Roseo cruore Agni
Benignissimi empta
Florida micat hæc aula.
Potenti virtute nostra
Qui lavit facinora
Tribuens dona fulgida.
Stupens valde in memet jam miror hodierna,
Tanta indignis pandere nobis sacramenta.
Stirpe Davidicâ
Ortus, de tribu Juda
Leo potens surrexisti in gloriâ,
Agnus visus es in terra.
Fundans olim arva,
Regna petis supera,
Justis reddens præmia, in sæcula
Dignanter ovantia.
Dic, impie Zabule,
Quid valet nunc fraus tua,
Igneis nexus loris
A Christi victoriâ ?
Tribus, linguæ, admiramini,
Quis audivit talia miracula ?
Ut mors mortem sic superaret,
Rei perciperent talem gratiam.
Judæa incredula,
Cur manes adhuc inverecunda ?

Breathing on us benignantly.
Honour to Thee and praise
Who didst the load upraise
Which burden'd our old days.
Brightly gleam the courts of God
Purchased by the crimson flood
Of the Lamb's most precious blood.
By His mighty virtue He
Cleansed all our misery,
Granting gifts benign and free.
Awestruck within myself I gaze
Upon the wonders of these days,
That before our unworthy eyes
Such mighty sacraments should rise.
  From the root of David springing
Of Judah's tribe the Lion Thou
  Hast arisen, glory bringing,
Who didst seem a Lamb but now.
  Thou Who laidst the earth's foundations
Seekest now the realms on high,
  To eternal generations
Recompensing righteously.
  Prince of evil, wicked fiend,
What avails thy impious lie?
  In fiery chains thou art confined
By Christ's glorious victory.
  Ye peoples! marvel at the tale!
Whoe'er such miracles hath heard?
  That death o'er death should so prevail,
Such grace on sinners be conferr'd?

Perspice Christicolas,
Qualia læti canunt inclyta
Redemptori carmina.
Ergo, pie Rex Christe,
Nobis dans præmia,
Solve nexorum vincula.
Electorum agmina
Fac tecum resurgere
Ad beatam gloriam,
Digna rependens merita.
Paraclyti Sancti consolationem piam
Expectamus, secundum promissionem Tuam,
Peractâ Ascensionis
Sacrâ solenniâ.
Quâ es regressus ad cœlos
Nube tectus clarâ,
Pollens laude æternâ.

Judea, unbelieving land,
  Look forth, and on the Christians gaze,
See how in joyous crowds they stand,
  And chant the blest Redeemer's praise!
Wherefore, O Christ, our holy King,
Loose us from guilt, and pardon bring.
Grant that Thy chosen bands with Thee
May rise in blest felicity,
And of Thy grace rewarded be.
The Holy Paraclete's blest comfort, Lord,
We look for, trusting to Thy gracious word,
  Soon as Ascension's holy Day
  In solemn joy hath pass'd away,
  When Thou, returning to the skies,
O'ershadow'd by a cloud to endless praise dost rise.

FERIA SECUNDA POST PASCHA.

ZYMA vetus expurgetur
Ut sincerè celebretur
Nova resurrectio.
Hæc est dies nostræ spei,
Hujus mira vis diei
Legis testimonio.
Hæc Ægyptum spoliavit,
Et Hebræos liberavit
De fornace ferreà;
His in arcto constitutis,
Opus erat servitutis,
Lutum, later, palea.
Jam divinæ laus virtutis,
Jam triumphi, jam salutis,
Vox erumpat libera;
Hæc est dies quam fecit Dominus,
Dies nostri doloris terminus,
Dies salutifera.
Lex est umbra futurorum,
Christus, finis promissorum,
Qui consummat omnia;
Christi sanguis igneam

EASTER MONDAY.

(ADAM DE S. VICTOR.)

PURGE the old leaven out, that we
May welcome with sincerity
The resurrection new;
This is our hope's expected hour,
Behold this Day of mighty power,
By the Law's witness true:
This Day hath spoiled th' Egyptian foe,
And let the Hebrew captives go
From iron bondage free,
Who, toiling for deliverance, pined
'Midst clay and bricks and straw, confined
In cruel slavery.
Now let the praise of God most high,
And voices shouting victory,
Break forth in triumph free;
This is the Day the Lord hath made,
This Day hath all our grief repaid,
The Day of Jubilee.
The Law foreshadow'd things to come,
Christ, of all promises the sum,
Doth all things consummate;
The precious Blood of Christ outpour'd

Hebetavit romphæam
  Amotâ custodiâ.
Puer, nostri forma risûs,
Pro quo vervex est occisus,
  Vitæ signat gaudium.
Joseph exit de cisternâ;
Jesus redit ad superna
  Post mortis supplicium.
Hic dracones Pharaonis
Draco vorat, à draconis
  Immunis malitiâ.
Quos ignitus vulnerat,
Hos serpentis liberat
  Ænei præsentia.
Anguem forat in maxillâ
Christus, hamus et armilla;
  In cavernam reguli
Manum mittit ablactatus,
Et sic fugit exturbatus
  Vetus hospes sæculi.
Irrisores Helisæi
Cum conscendit domum Dei,
  Zelum calvi sentiunt;
David arreptitius,
Hircus emissarius
  Et passer effugiunt.
In maxillâ mille sternit,
Et de tribu suâ spernit
  Sàmson matrimonium;
Samson Gazæ seras pandit,

Hath wholly quench'd the flaming sword,
  Unguarded is the gate.
Jesus, Who made us laugh for joy,
By Isaac is foreshown, the boy
  For whom the ram was slain:
Forth from the pit doth Joseph rise,
So, breaking through death's iron ties,
  Jesus comes back again.
Free from the serpent's deadly power
He Pharaoh's serpents doth devour
  Like Moses' rod of yore;
To those by fiery serpents' bite
Wounded, the Brazen Serpent's sight
  Doth life and health restore.
Piercing his jaw with mystic hook
Leviathan Christ captive took;
  In cockatrice's den
He the wean'd Child puts in His hand,
Forthwith dismayed he quits the land,
  Erst the world's denizen.
To Bethel when Elisha went,
The mocking tribe by she-bears rent,
  Soon felt the bald-head's wrath;
David escapes in subtilty,
The scape-goat swiftly speeds away,
  The living bird flies forth.
With jaw-bone armed hath Samson slain
A thousand men, and doth not deign
  In his own tribe to wed;
From Gaza's gates he burst the bar,

Et asportans portas scandit
  Montis supercilium.
Sic de Judâ Leo fortis,
Fractis portis diræ mortis,
  Die surgit tertiâ.
Rugiente voce Patris,
Ad supernæ sinum matris
  Tot revexit spolia.
Cetus Jonam fugitivum
Veri Jonæ signativum,
Post tres dies reddit vivum
  De ventris angustiâ.
Botrus Cypri reflorescit,
Dilatatur et excrescit;
Synagogæ flos marcescit,
  Et floret Ecclesia.
Mors et vita conflixere,
Resurrexit Christus verè,
Et cum Christo surrexere
  Multi testes gloriæ.
Mane novum, mane lætum,
Vespertinum tergat fletum;
Quia Vita vicit Letum
  Tempus est lætitiæ.
Jesu victor, Jesu vita,
Jesu vitæ via trita,
Cujus morte mors sopita,
Ad Paschalem nos invita
  Mensam cum fiduciâ.
Viva panis, vivax unda,

And bearing posts and doors afar,
  To the hill-top he sped;
So from the portals of the grave
The tribe of Judah's Lion brave,
  The third day doth arise;
When roared the Father's voice on high,
He to our Mother in the sky
  Bare back the precious prize.
The whale doth Jonah fugitive—
Of Jonah true figurative—
After the third day forth alive
  Out of his belly throw;
The cluster'd grape of Cyprus' vine,
Doth swell and bring forth generous wine,
The Synagogue's pale blossoms pine,
  The Church doth bloom and grow.
'Twixt death and life the fight is done,
The Lord is risen, the victory won,
Witnesses with th' Anointed One,
  Rise many saints beneath;
Let the new morning's joyous ray
Clear yester-even's tears away,
It is the time of holy-day,
  For Life hath vanquish'd Death.
O Jesu! Victor, Life, we pray,
Jesu, of life the well-trod way,
Whose Death hath Death abolishëd,
Deign us with faith assured to lead
  Unto the Paschal Board:
O Living Bread! O welling Spring!

Vera Vitis et fecunda,
Tu nos pasce, Tu nos munda,
Ut a morte nos secundâ
Tua salvet gratia. *Amen.*

True fruitful Vine! to Thee we sing;
Deign us to feed, to cleanse us deign;
From second death and bitter pain
  Deliver us, O Lord! *Amen.*

FERIA TERTIA POST PASCHA.

PRONE casta concio cantica organa subnectens hypodorica.
Regi claustra Deo tartarea rumpenti decanta nunc symphonia,
Morte qui victâ resurgens, gaudia mundo gestat colenda.
Hæc insolita morantes perdita Cocyti confinia
Aspectant lumina intrante Illo vita beata.
Terrore percussa tremiscit dæmonum plebs valida.
Dant suspiria
Fletuum alta.
Repagula quis sic audax fregerit mirantur tunc fortia.
Sic ad supera
Redit cum turmâ
Gloriosâ, et timida refovet discipulorum corda.
Præcelsa Hujus trophæa admirantes, flagitemus nunc voce decliva
Virginum inter agmina mereamur preciosa colere ut Pascha;
Galilæâ inque sacratâ præfulgida contueri lucis exordia.

EASTER TUESDAY.

POUR forth, chaste band, your holy canticles,
With deep-toned organ peal accompanied;
Unto the King Who burst the gates of hell,
Our God, repeat your joyful melodies.
When death He had o'ercome, He rose again,
Bearing perpetual joy to all the world.
Lost souls that haunt Cocytus' dismal brink,
Unwonted brightness wondering descry
As He doth enter, blessed Lord of life.
The mighty demon multitude
Smitten with fear and trembling, quake;
Deeply they sigh and wail aloud.
And much they marvel, Who so bold
To break the iron prison-bars?
Meanwhile into the courts above
Begirt with glittering bands He comes,
And comforts the disciples' fainting hearts.
Let us awestruck His trophies contemplate,
And with low voice our supplication make,
That we amidst the honour'd virgin band
May celebrate our Easter Festival,
And on the hallow'd Galilæan day [1]
Gaze on the glorious beams of dawning light.

[1] This is an ancient name for Easter Tuesday.

FERIA QUARTA POST PASCHA.

CONCINAT orbis cunctus alleluya,
Votis voce solennia
Celebrando Paschalia.
Insontum tenera congaudeat
Turma sacro fonte nivea,
Spernens Phlegethontis undas.
Nos quoque laxas aptemus fibras
Arte musicâ
Voce sonora modificantes
Prosis neumata
Voce satis tinnulâ.
Christus namque mitis hostia
Factus, nostra ob remedia,
Crucis pertulit probra;
Et jugis vita manens
Subiit lethalia,
Fellis amara passus
Prælibare pocula.
Vulnera satis toleravit dira,
Transfixus clavis et lanceâ.
Sic patiendo, mala gerens nostra,
Descendit ad ima Tartara.

WEDNESDAY IN EASTER WEEK.

LET all the world with prayer and praise
Their yearly alleluias raise
Easter to celebrate,
Let infants by baptismal spell
Wash'd and made white, renouncing hell,
With them in concert wait.
Let us adapt our slackened strings,
While modulated cadence rings,
Attuned to proses fit.
For Christ is the meek Victim made,
Who on the cross, our loss to aid,
Bare vileness infinite.
He, Life abiding evermore,
The pains of death all meekly bore,
And drank the cup of gall;
Sharp words refused not to abide,
Nail-pierced hands and riven side;
Unmurmuring suffer'd all.
He, our sins bearing, after death
Descended into hell beneath
And spoiled the ancient foe;
Then of the captured arms He bare

Hostis antiqui quo defringens arma
Revehit potens ampla ovando trophæa.
  Sicque devictâ morte ac resumptâ
  Carne resurgit victor die in tertiâ.
Unde jam jocundas Ipsi canamus odas,
Per Quem nobis vita præluxit æterna
Et cæli clara nobis patescit aula.
  Cui sit laus præclara.

Triumphant to the upper air
  He made an open show.
Lo! He, resuming flesh, doth deign
On the third day to rise again
  Bursting death's prison gate;
Haste we to Him, our praise to pay,
By Whom shines life's eternal ray,
To heavenly courts the very Way,
  On Him our blessings wait.

FERIA QUINTA POST PASCHA.

DIC nobis quibus è terris nova
Cuncto mundo nuncians gaudia
Nostram rursus visitas patriam?
Respondens placido vultu, clarâ dixit voce
Alleluia.
Angelus mihi de Christo indicavit pia miracula:
Resurrexisse Dominum siderum cecinit voce
laudandà.
Mox ergo pennas volucris vacuas dirigens læta per
auras
Rediit famulis, et dixit vacuatam legem veterem
Et novam regnare gratiam;
Itaque plaudite famuli, voce clarâ, Christus
hodie
Redemit nos à morte dirâ.
Pater Filium tradidit sævis; ut interimerent
Pro salute nostrâ.
Sponte subiit Filius mortem; ut redimeret nos
Morte ab æternâ.

THURSDAY IN EASTER WEEK.

SAY, our home revisiting,
From what region dost thou spring,
To the world new joys to bring?
With clear voice and placid eyes,
" Alleluia," she replies,
" I declare high mysteries;
I have heard an angel cry,
Christ, the Lord of stars on high,
Hath arisen gloriously."
Forthwith like a bird that flies,
Winging joyous through the skies,
Back she to her fellows hies;
Tells them that the old law's sway
Is made void and pass'd away,
And new grace doth reign to-day.
Wherefore your loud voice of praise,
Fellow-servants, now upraise,
Christ this day our ransom pays.
God the Father did ordain
That the Son by hands profane
For our safety should be slain.

Nunc requiem capere licet omnibus; et vità frui
perpetuâ.
Nunc colite pariter mecum, famuli, celebri laude
Sanctum Pascha:
Christus est pax nostra.

To the bitter Cross and grave
Willingly himself He gave,
Us from death for aye to save.
Wherefore now each troubled breast
May in safety take its rest,
Winning life for ever blest.
Join we now, O friends, to greet
Easter Tide with homage meet:
Peace in Christ is made complete.

FERIA SEXTA POST PASCHA.

VICTIMÆ Paschali laudes immolant
Christiani.
Agnus redemit oves,
Christus innocens Patri
Reconciliavit peccatores.
Mors et Vita duello
Conflixere mirando,
Dux vitæ mortuus regnat vivus.
Dic nobis, Maria,
Quid vidisti in viâ ?
Sepulcrum Christi viventis,
Et gloriam vidi resurgentis ;
Angelicos testes,
Sudarium et vestes.
Surrexit Christus spes nostra,
Precedet vos in Galilæam.
Credendum est magis soli Mariæ veraci,
Quam Judæorum turbæ fallaci.
Scimus Christum surrexisse a mortuis vere ;
Tu nobis, Victor Rex, miserere.

FRIDAY IN EASTER WEEK.[1]

UNTO the Paschal Victim bring,
Christians, your thankful offering—
The Lamb redeem'd the flock,
So sinners Christ Who knew no guile
Did to the Father reconcile.
Meeting in wondrous shock
Lo! Death and Life in combat strive,
The Lord of Life Who died doth reign alive.
Declare unto us, Mary, say,
What thou sawest on the way?
I saw the grave that could not Christ retain;
I saw His glory when He rose again;
I saw the angelic witnesses around;
The napkin and the linen clothes I found.
Christ our hope hath risen, and He
Will go before to Galilee.
Believe we Mary's word alone; refuse
To heed the sayings of the lying Jews.
Christ from the dead we know is risen indeed:
Victorious King, have pity in our need!

[1] This is one of the four Sequences retained in the Roman Missal, of which several English translations exist, which, however, omit or abbreviate the last four lines. It is probably of the 11th Century.

DOMINICA IN OCTAVIS PASCHÆ.

LAUDES Salvatori voce
Modulemus supplici.
Et devotis melodiis cœlesti Domino
Jubilemus Messiæ :
Qui seipsum exinanivit, ut nos perditos
Liberaret homines.
Carne gloriam
Deitatis occulens.
Pannis tegitur
In præsepi, miserans
Præcepti transgressorem,
Pulsum patriâ
Paradisi nudulum.
Joseph, Mariæ,
Simeoni subditur :
Circumciditur,
Et legali hostiâ
Mundatur ut peccator,
Nostra Qui solet
Relaxare crimina.
Servi subiit
Manus baptizandus,

SUNDAY IN THE OCTAVE OF EASTER.

(*Notker.*)

LET us with lowly tone
The Saviour's praises sing;
Messiah on His heavenly throne
Devoutly worshipping;
Who deign'd in flesh to shade
His glorious Deity;
Himself of no repute He made
Us lost ones to set free.
He in a manger lies,
Wrapp'd in His swaddling band,
Grieving o'er their lost Paradise,
Who brake God's high command.
He was to Simeon's sight
By Mary's arms conveyed:
And circumcision's holy rite
Unmurmuring obeyed.
Cleansing He doth receive
By legal offering pure,
Who sinners doth Himself reprieve
And of release assure.

Et perfert fraudes tentatoris,
Fugit persequentium lapides,
Famem patitur,
Dormit et tristatur,
Ac lavat discipulis pedes
Deus homo summus humilis.
Sed tamen inter
Hæc abjecta corporis,
Ejus Deitas
Nequaquam quivit latere,
Signis variis
Ac doctrinis prodita.
Aquam nuptiis
Dat saporis vinei;
Cœcos oculos
Claro lumine vestivit;
Lepram luridam
Tactu fugat placido,
Putres suscitat mortuos,
Membraque curat debilia.
Fluxum sanguinis constrinxit,
Et saturavit
Quinque de panibus
Quina millia.
Stagnum peragrat fluctuans,
Ceu siccum littus; ventos sedat.
Linguam reserat constrictam,
Reclusit aures
Privatas vocibus;
Febres depulit.

Permits His servant's hands
  His Master to baptize,
The glozing tempter's wiles withstands,
  Stones cast in hatred flies.
God-man, most meek, most high,
  Sleeps weary, hath no meat,
Pours forth sad tears in charity,
  Washes His servants' feet.
Yet through these lowly signs
  Of poor humanity,
Brightly by works and doctrine shines
  His present Deity.
To grace the nuptial board
  Water He turns to wine,
To blinded eyes He light restored,
  Their vestiture divine.
Touch'd by His finger fled
  The leper's foul disease;
He from corruption raised the dead,
  And gave the palsied ease.
He with five loaves of bread
  Five thousand satisfied,
On water as on land did tread,
  The wild winds pacified.
The stammering tongue He freed,
  The fevers drove away;
Ears taught once more the voice to hear
  Attest His mighty sway.
When 'midst such wondrous signs
  His days were gliding by,

Post hæc mira miracula taliaque,
Sponte suâ comprehenditur, et damnatur,
Et se crucifigi non despexit :
Sed sol Ejus mortem non aspexit.
Illuxit dies
Quam fecit Dominus,
Hostem devastans
Et Victor suis
Apparens dilectoribus vivus.
Primo Mariæ,
Dehinc Apostolis,
Docens scripturas,
Cor aperiens,
Ut clausa de Ipso reserarent.
Favent igitur
Resurgenti Christo
Cuncta gaudiis.
Flores, segetes,
Redivivo fructu vernant,
Et volucres, gelu
Tristi terso, dulce jubilant.
Lucent clarius
Sol et luna, morte
Christi turbida.
Tellus herbida
Resurgenti Christo plaudit,
Quæ tremula Ejus
Morte se casuram minitat.
Ergo die istâ exsultemus,
Quâ nobis viam vitæ

He to vile hands Himself resigns,
  Condemn'd unrighteously.
Upon the Cross to die
  He patiently did brook,
But on His death with darkened eye
  The sun refused to look.
The Day the Lord hath made
  Scarce on the world had shone,
When He to loving hearts conveyed
  Tidings of victory won.
His voice first Mary hears,
  Next to th' Apostles' hearts
His word the opened Scripture clears,
  And hidden truths imparts.
Therefore with one accord
  Creation doth rejoice,
And welcome back the risen Lord
  With gratulating voice.
The flowers, the fruitful fields,
  With new-born freshness spring,
Touch'd by new warmth the keen frost yields,
  And birds their pæans sing.
O'ercast with sudden shade
  Of gloom at Jesus' death
The sun and moon now glorious made
  Illumine all beneath.
Fair earth from hill and dell
  Doth Christ with joy accost,
Which trembling threaten'd ruin fell,
  When He gave up the ghost.

Resurgens patefecit Jesus.
Astra, solum, mare, jocundentur,
Et cuncti gratulentur
In cælis spiritales chori
Trinitati.

Exult we on that day
  When Jesus rose again,
And open'd widé the living way
  By which our life we gain.
Let stars, earth, heaven, rejoice,
  And all the choirs on high
Upraise their glorifying voice
  To praise the Trinity.

IN DIE ASCENSIONIS DOMINI.

REX omnipotens, die hodiernà
Mundo triumphali redempto potentiâ,
Victor ascendit cælos, unde descenderat.
Nam quadraginta postquam surrexerat
Diebus sacris confirmans pectora
Apostolorum, pacis cara relinquens oscula,
Quibus et dedit potestatem laxandi crimina,
Et misit eos in mundum, baptizare cunctas animas,
In Patris et Filii et Spiritûs Sancti clementiâ.
Et convescens, præcepit eis ab Hierosolymâ
Ne abirent, sed expectarent promissa munera;
Non post multos enim dies mittam vobis Spiritum Paraclitum in terrâ,
Et eritis Mihi testes in Hierusalem, Judæâ, sive Samariâ.
Et cum hoc dixisset, videntibus illis, elevatus est, et nubes clara
Suscepit Illum ab eorum oculis intuentibus illis æthera.
Ecce stetere amicti duo viri in veste albâ
Juxta, dicentes, Quid admiramini cælorum alta?

ASCENSION DAY.

(HARTMANN. A MONK OF S. GALL.)

THE Almighty King, victorious, on this Day,
Having redeem'd the world with puissant might,
Ascended to the skies from whence He came.
After His Resurrection He confirmed
The Apostles' hearts for forty holy days,
Leaving His pledge of love, the kiss of peace,
And gave them power of remitting sins,
And sent them to baptize in all the world,
In grace of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Commanding, as He sat with them at meat,
They should not from Jerusalem depart,
But wait for gifts which had been promisëd.
"After not many days, the Comforter
The Spirit, I will send to you on earth;
Ye shall bear witness to me in Judæa,
And in Jerusalem, or in Samaria."
And when He had said this, it came to pass
While they beheld, lo! He was taken up,
And a bright cloud out of their sight received Him,

Jesus enim hic, Qui assumptus est à vobis ad Patris
dexteram,
Ut ascendit, ita veniet, quærens talenti commissi
lucra.
O Deus cæli, maris, arvi,
Hominem, quem creâsti,
Quem fraude subdolâ
Hostis expulit Paradiso,
Et captivatum secum
Traxit ad tartara,
Sanguine proprio
Quem redemisti Deus,
Illuc et revehis,
Unde priùs corruit,
Paradisi gaudia.
Judex cum veneris,
Judicare sæcula,
Da nobis, petimus,
Sempiterna gaudia
In sanctorum patriâ,
In quâ Tibi cantemus
Omnes Alleluya.

As towards heaven stedfastly they looked.
And lo! two men, in white apparel clad,
Stood by them, saying, "Wherefore gaze ye so
Into the height of heaven? for this Jesus,
Who now from you to God's right hand is taken
Shall so come, in like manner as He goeth,
The intrusted talents' usury to require."

God of heaven, of earth, of sea!
Thou dost man,—Thy creature erst,—
Whom by fraud and subtilty
Satan drave, like him accurst,
Out of Eden's garden fair
Down to regions of despair:
Whom Thou didst redeem again
By Thy Blood and bitter pain,—
Bear to Paradise once more,
Whence by sin he fell of yore.

Lord, when Thou as Judge shalt come,
All the universe to doom,
Grant us, we devoutly pray,
Thy beatitudes for aye,
In that land of saints, where we
May Alleluias sing to Thee.

IN DIE SANCTO PENTECOSTES.

SANCTI Spiritûs adsit nobis gratia,
Quæ corda nostra Sibi faciat habitacula,
Expulsis inde cunctis vitiis spiritalibus.
Spiritus alme, illustrator omnium,
Horridas nostræ mentis purga tenebras:
Amator sanctè sensatorum semper cogitatuum,
Infunde unctionem Tuam clemens nostris sensibus.
Tu purificator omnium flagitiorum Spiritus,
Purifica nostri oculum interioris hominis,
Ut videri supremus Genitor possit à nobis,
Mundi cordis Quem soli cernere possunt oculi.
Prophetas Tu inspirâsti, ut præconia Christi præcinuissent inclyta.
Apostolos confortâsti, uti tropæum Christi per totum mundum veherent.
Quando machinam per Verbum suum fecit Deus cæli, terræ, marium,
Tu super aquas, foturus eas, numen Tuum expandisti, Spiritus.
Tu animabus vivificandis aquas fœcundas;
Tu aspirando das spiritales esse homines.
Tu divisum per linguas mundum et ritus adunâsti, Domine.

WHITSUN-DAY.

(KING ROBERT OF FRANCE, ACCORDING TO DR. NEALE; DANIEL CONSIDERS IT TO BE BY NOTKER.)

NOW may the Holy Spirit's grace
Make us His own abiding place,
Our inmost souls to dispossess
Of spiritual wickedness.
Most gracious Spirit, light of all,
Our minds from darkness disenthral;
O Thou, Who holy thoughts dost love,
Pour down Thine unction from above.
Thou who all ill dost purify
From blindness purge our inner eye,
To see the Father on His Throne
On Whom pure hearts shall gaze alone.
To speak of Christ Thou didst inspire
The seers with prophetic fire;
Didst teach Apostles without fear
Christ's banner through the world to rear.
When God did by the Word create
Heaven, earth and sky, that fabric great,

Idolatras ad cultum Dei revocas, magistrorum
optime.
Ergo nos supplicantes Tibi exaudi propitius,
Sancte Spiritus,
Sine Quo preces omnes cassæ redduntur, et indignæ
Dei auribus.
Tu Qui omnium seculorum sanctos Tui Nominis
Docuisti instinctu amplectendo, Spiritus,
Ipse hodie Apostolos Christi donans munere
Insolito et cunctis inaudito sæculis
Hunc Diem gloriosum fecisti.

Thou brooding o'er the water's face
Didst shed abroad Thy mystic grace.
Thou quickenest with fostering breath
Water to ransom souls from death,
Thou dost revive the hearts of men
With spiritual life again.
The world by variance rent, O Lord,
Thou hast to unity restored;
Idolaters Thou dost recall,
Best Master, to the God of all.
Thou, Holy Spirit, graciously
Hear us who lift our prayer to Thee,
Without Whom prayers are all in vain,
Nor can the ear of God attain;
Thou, Who enfold'st in Thy embrace
The saints of every age and race,
And dost their energies inflame
By virtue of Thy Holy Name;
A gift unwonted pouring out
On the Apostles' band devout,
Throughout all ages yet unknown,
Hast made this Day of high renown.

FERIA QUARTA QUATUOR TEMPORUM.

LUX jocunda, lux insignis,
Quâ de Throno missus ignis
In Christi discipulos;
Corda replet, linguas ditat,
Ad concordes nos invitat
Linguæ, cordis, modulos.
Christus misit quod promisit
Pignus sponsæ quam revisit
Die quinquagesimâ;
Post dulcorem melleum
Petra fudit oleum,
Petra jam firmissima.
In tabellis saxeis,
Non in linguis igneis,
Lex de monte populo;
Paucis cordis novitas
Et linguarum unitas
Datur in cœnaculo.
O quam felix, quam festiva,
Dies in quâ primitiva
Fundatur Ecclesia!
Vivæ sunt primitiæ
Nascentis Ecclesiæ
Tria primum millia.

EMBER WEDNESDAY IN WHITSUN WEEK.

(ADAM DE S. VICTOR.)

THE illustrious day, when from the Throne
The fire of God came rushing down
On Christ's assembled band;
To enrich their tongues, their hearts to fill;
To kindred praise invites us still
Of heart, and tongue, and hand.
Christ on this Pentecostal Day
Revisiting without delay
The Bride, His promise sent;
After the honey's treasured worth,
The Rock a store of oil gave forth,
The Rock now permanent.
From Sinai's mount proclaimed the law
Graven on stone the people saw,
Not sent in tongues of fire:
Newness of heart, and quickened mind,
With unity of tongue combined,
The chosen few inspire.
O happy, O most festive day!
Whereon the early founders lay
The Church's pediment;

Panes legis primitivi
Sub unâ sunt adoptivi
  Fide duo populi :
Se duobus interjecit
Sicque duos unum fecit
  Lapis, caput anguli.
Utres novi, non vetusti,
Sunt capaces novi musti ;
  Vasa parat vidua ;
Liquorem dat Helisæus,
Nobis sacrum rorem Deus,
  Si corda sint congrua.
Non hoc musto vel liquore,
Non hoc sumus digni rore,
  Si discordes moribus.
In obscuris et divisis
Non potest hæc Paraclisis
  Habitare cordibus.
Consolator alme, veni,
Linguas reple, corda leni,
Nihil fellis aut veneni
  Sub Tuâ præsentiâ.
Nil jocundum, nil amœnum,
Nil salubre, nil serenum,
Nihil dulce, nihil plenum,
  Nisi Tuâ gratiâ.
Tu lumen es, et unguentum,
Tu cœlestes condimentum,
Aquæ ditans elementum
  Virtute mysterii.

The rising Church's first-fruits born
To life anew this holy morn
  Three thousand souls present.
The two loaves by the law ordained,
Two people represent, retained
  By faith's adoptive tie;
The Head-Stone of the corner, set
Between the two, together met,
  Hath wrought out unity.
New bottles, not the worn and old,
New wine are suitable to hold;
  With oil Elisha fills
The widow's vessels not a few;
So on fit hearts His holy dew
  God graciously distils.
We are not worthy of this wine,
Nor oil, nor of this dew divine,
  If discord reigns within:
His consolation cannot find
A place in a divided mind,
  Or heart obscured by sin.
Come, Holy Comforter benign,
Our tongues control, our hearts incline!
If on us Thy blest presence shine,
  No poison harms, no gall;
There is no joy, no pure content,
No health, no calm stabiliment,
Sweetness hath no constituent,
  Except Thy grace do all.
Thou art the light, the oil to cure,

Nova facti creatura,
Te laudamus mente purâ;
Gratiæ nunc, sed naturâ
  Prius iræ filii.
Tu Qui dator es et donum,
Tu qui condis omne bonum,
Cor ad laudem redde pronum,
Nostræ linguæ formans sonum
  In Tua præconia:
Tu purga nos a peccatis,
Auctor Ipse puritatis,
Et in Christo renovatis
Da perfectæ novitatis,
  Plena nobis gaudia.

Thou, working in the water pure,
Mysterious virtue dost assure
  To bless Thy chosen race.
By new creation born again,
To praise Thee now our hearts are fain;
By nature sons of wrath, we gain
  The privilege of grace.
Thou art the gift, the giver too,
All good on earth to Thee is due,
With gratitude our hearts endue,
To praise Thy Name with accents true
  Do Thou our lips ordain;
Cleanse us, we pray, from all our sin,
Of purity Thou origin;
That we, renewed in Christ, may win
  perfect life, and bring us in
  Where joys in fulness reign.

FERIA QUINTA POST PENTECOSTEN.

ALMA chorus Domini nunc pangat nomin summi.
Messias, Soter, Emmanuel, Sabaoth Adonai,
Est Unigenitus, Via, Vita, Manus, Homoousion,
Principium, Primogenitus, Sapientia, Virtus,
Alpha, Caput Finisque, simul vocitatur et est Ω;
Fons et Origo boni, Paraclitus et Mediator;
Agnus, Ovis, Vitulus, Serpens, Aries, Leo, Vermis;
Os, Verbum, Splendor, Sol, Gloria, Lux et Imago,
Panis, Flos, Vitis, Mons, Janua, Petra, Lapisque;
Angelus et Sponsus, Pastorque, Propheta, Sacerdos;
Athanatos, Kyrios, Theos, Pantocraton et Iesus,
Salvificet nos, sit Cui sæcla per omnia doxa.

WHITSUN THURSDAY.

NOW let the sacred band the Lord's high names expand.
Messiah, Saviour, Lord of Hosts, Emmanuel,
Only-Begotten, Way, Life, Hand, Homoousion,
Beginning, the First-Born, Wisdom, and Power,
The Head, and End, Alpha and Omega,
Fountain of Good, Advocate, Mediator,
Lamb, Sheep, Calf, Dragon, Lion, Ram and Worm;
Mouth, Word, Sun, Brightness, Glory, Light and Image;
Bread, Blossom, Vine, Mount, Door, Rock, Corner-Stone;
Messenger, Bridegroom, Shepherd, Prophet, Priest;
The Lord, Immortal, God, Almighty, Jesus;
May He our Saviour be, to Whom be glory ever.

FERIA SEXTA POST PENTECOSTEN.

LAUDES Deo devotas
Dulci voce et sonorâ,
Plebs resultet catholica.
Spiritûs sancti gratia
Apostolis die hodiernâ
In igneis linguis est infusa.
Paracliti præsentia
Emundet nos a peccati maculâ
Pura sibi aptans habitacula.
Charismatum ac munera
Pectoribus nostris pius infundat;
Vita nostra Ei ut complaceat.
Per sæculorum sæcula
Conclamemus Alleluia.
Sit Deo laus, potestas, honor, virtus et gloria.

FRIDAY IN WHITSUN WEEK.

(NOTKER.)

NOW let all the Church uniting,
Praises meet to God reciting,
Tune aloud their grateful songs;
On this day the Spirit Holy
Deigned upon the Apostles lowly
Grace to pour in fiery tongues.
May the Comforter indwelling,
From our hearts all sin expelling,
Take us for His own abode;
Gifts and graces high outpouring,
In our breasts devotion storing,
So our life shall please our God.
May we Alleluias singing
Through all ages ceaseless ringing,
Raise our acclamations high,
Praise ascribe and exaltation,
Honour, might, and adoration,
Unto God eternally.

IN DIE SANCTÆ TRINITATIS.

BENEDICTA sit beata Trinitas, Deitas
æterna pariter, coæqualis gloria;
Deus Genitor, Natus genitus, cum sacro
Neumate permanens super omne quod exstat,
Quibus est una semper voluntas, et à se discrepat
haud unquam triplicata Persona.
Nam constat Deitas una,
Non in tres Deos divisa,
Quod fides fatetur
A Christo orthodoxè edita.
Hæc namque pellit delicta,
Patriam reddit serenam,
Quâ dulcem jubilant
Agmina symphoniam cœlica,
Altithroni vestigia
Imitantur stolis candidata,
Operiunturque binas
Quas captant post sæcli discrimina.
Et nos, quos illustrat Dei gratia,
Supera demus nostra debita:
Quatenus caterva cœlica nobis
Maneat post funera socia,
Ultimoque peracto discrimine,
Poscimus alto perfrui mox palatio,

TRINITY SUNDAY.

BLEST be the Holy Trinity,
Eternal Godhead Thou;
Father, Son, Holy Ghost, one God
To Whom all creatures bow.
Three Persons in one Godhead dwell
One Will have all the Three,
In perfect harmony combined,
Nor ever disagree.
Godhead in Unity consists,
Three Gods there cannot be;
So the right faith by Christ set forth
Confesses stedfastly.
This is the faith which souls enthralled
Doth from their sins release,
And leads them to the cloudless land
Of purity and peace.
There in one dulcet symphony
The hosts of heaven unite;
The steps of Christ enthroned on high
They follow clad in white.
There, while this life's vicissitudes
Pass by and quickly fade,
In the changed raiment, which they yearn
To win, they stand arrayed.

Quo perspicua flagrat lux accensa
Constanti flammâ, quæ Deus est,
Visio nostra et salus eterna;
Angelorum quæ illustrat
Fortiter pectora;
Ut in Christo solo sua
Defigant lumina.
Hæc namque est sitis
Illa flagrans, quâ tunc sitient
Animæ sanctorum et corpora,
Cum fuerint data
Perpetua eis pro bonis
A Judice præmia.

We likewise, as in duty bound,
  Would pay our debts to heaven,
Contracted in this upper world,
  As grace to us is given;
That after death we with the blest
  May full communion gain,
And when the righteous doom is fixed
  May heaven's high courts attain;
Where God in glory manifest
  Pours forth undying light,
Where is the Saviour's face for aye,
  That beatific sight;
That sight doth o'er the Angels' breasts
  Irradiating shine,
While their adoring gaze they fix
  On Christ the Lord divine.
Like thirst to theirs the holy saints
  In heart and flesh will feel,
When for their righteous deeds the Judge
  A recompence shall deal.

IN DIE DEDICATIONIS ECCLESIÆ.

HIERUSALEM et Sion filiæ,
Cætus omnis fidelis curiæ,
Melos pangat jugis lætitiæ,
Alleluia.

Christus enim desponsat hodie
Matrem nostram norma justitiæ,
Quam de lacu traxit miseriæ,
Ecclesiam.

In Spiritûs Sancti clementiâ
Sponsa Sponsi lætatur gratiâ
A reginis laudis cum gloriâ
Felix dicta.

Dos ut datur crescit lætitia,
Quæ dos quanta! triplex potentia,
Tangens cœlum, terras et stygia
Judicia.

Mira loquor sed sana credere:
Fœderatam tam largo munere
De proprio produxit latere
Deus homo.

Formaretur ut sic Ecclesia,
Figuravit in pari gloriâ
Adæ costis formata fæmina,
Hostis Eva.

THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

(ADAM DE S. VICTOR.)

JERUSALEM and Sion's daughters fair,
Assembled band, who in the faith have share,
With joyful voice unceasingly declare,
Alleluia!
For on this day Christ for His Spouse doth take
Our Mother, for His faith and justice' sake,
Whom He brought out of misery's deep lake,
The Holy Church.
She in the Holy Spirit's clemency,
Bride in the Bridegroom's grace rejoicing high,
In glorious place by queens exaltingly
Is callëd blessed.
Mid'st plaudits loud forthwith is given her dower,
A dower most wonderful! a threefold power
Reaching to heaven, to earth, and to the lower
Dungeons of hell.
Doubt not my words, though marvellous they be,
Her from His side, endowed thus wealthily,
As the God-Man, a mighty mystery,
Himself brought forth.
That in such wise should be the Church's birth—
The woman showed in figure upon earth
When she from Adam's side first issued forth,
Ill-omened Eve.

Eva fuit noverca posteris :
Hæc est mater electi generis,
Vitæ portus, asylum miseris,
Et tutela.
Pulchra, potens, partu mirabilis,
Ut luna, sol, fulget spectabilis,
Plus acie multo terribilis
Ordinata.
Multiplex est singularis una,
Generalis et individua,
Omnis ævi, sexus, simul una
Parit turmas.
Hæc signata Jordanis fluctibus,
Hæc quæ venit è terræ finibus,
Scientiam audire cominus
Salomonis.
Hæc typicis descripta sensibus,
Nuptiarum induta vestibus
Cæli præest hodie civibus
Christo juncta.
O solemnis festum lætitiæ,
Quo unitur Christus Ecclesiæ,
In quo nostræ salutis nuptiæ
Celebrantur !
Cætus felix, dulce convivium,
Lapsis ibi datur solatium,
Desperatis offertur spatium
Respirandi,
Justis inde solvuntur præmia,
Angelorum novantur gaudia,

Eve was but step-mother to all her seed;
To the elect this Mother is indeed
The port of life, and unto those in need
A hiding-place.
Fair, wonderful in offspring, great in might,
As moon, as sun, she shines in beauty bright,
More terrible than army for the fight
Set in array.
One and alone she is, yet manifold;
Receiving all, yet one unbroken fold;
To multitudes, herself one, young and old
She doth give birth.
This was by Jordan's parted waters shown,
This she who came from distant lands makes known,
Attracted by the marvellous renown
Of Solomon's lore.
By divers types prefigured, this is she,
In bridal vesture clad resplendently,
Above the heavenly hosts upraised to be
With Christ conjoined.
O solemn festival of high delight!
Which doth with Christ Himself the Church unite,
Wherein our own salvation's marriage rite
We celebrate.
O entertainment sweet, assembly blest!
Which to the fallen gives consoling rest;
To them that have lost hope, the sore distressed,
A breathing time.
There are rewards unto the righteous given,
There joy anew God's angels in the heaven,

Læta nimis quod facit gratia
Charitatis.
Ab æterno Fons Sapientiæ
Intuitu solius gratiæ
Sic prævidit in rerum serie
Hæc futura.
Christus ergo nos suis nuptiis
Recreatos veris deliciis
Interesse faciat gaudiis
Electorum. *Amen.*

There hearts are gladdened with the gracious leaven
Of Charity.
The Source of Wisdom from eternity,
By gracious, all-disposing scrutiny,
In the due course of things did this foresee
Should come to pass.
Therefore, when Christ His marriage-feast shall make,
May we with joy of true delights partake,
And never the blest company forsake
Of His elect. *Amen.*

IN DOMENICA INTRA OCTAVAS DEDICATIONIS ECCLESIÆ.

LÆTABUNDUS exsultet fidelis chorus
Cœli curiæ,
Cum jocundus ornatur Reginæ thorus
Regi gloriæ.
In tali connubio nubit Lappa Lilio
Soli Stella.
Cum miro consortio animæ fit unio
Dei cella.
Celebrantur hodie Christi et Ecclesiæ
Castæ nuptiæ.
Sicut jungit spiritum homo Deo subditum
Jugo gratiæ.
In hoc matrimonio caro Dei Filio
Nupsit nobili,
Ipse vero Filius summus et eximius
Cessit humili.
Ima summus petiit, et Sponsam expetiit, quam de nigrâ gestiit
Candidare.
Fecit quod disposuit, quia fœdam potuit, quando Sibi placuit,
Emundare.

SUNDAY WITHIN THE OCTAVE OF DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

NOW let the faithful choir their serenade
To high Heaven sing;
The chamber of the Queen is ready made
For glory's King.
The lowly Burr doth thus with Lily wed,
With Sun a Star;
To God the soul, in mystic union led,
A shrine doth rear.
Christ and the Church, in chaste espousal knit,
This day we praise;
Thus man to God his spirit doth unite
In yoke of grace;
Flesh to the Son of God in marriage high
Hath thus attained;
The peerless Son to deep humility
Did condescend.
The mightiest one of low estate did seek,
And by His Word the Bride, so dark and meek,
Made clean and white.
What He ordainëd He hath so fulfilled
Who the impure could make, if so He willed,
All pure as light.

Ancilla propera, ut fias libera
Cum viro regnans sceptrigera;
Sponsum considera; Quem velat litera
Ipsum revelat fides vera.

O Handmaid! haste thy liberty to gain,
That sceptred with thy Husband thou mayst
reign;
Thy Spouse consider; Him Whom types disguise
True faith discerneth with unclouded eyes.

IN OCTAVIS DEDICATIONIS ECCLESIÆ.

(ADAM DE S. VICTOR.)

QUAM dilecta tabernacula Domini virtutum
et atria,
Quam electi architecti tuta ædificia,
Quæ non movent, immo fovent
Ventus, flumen, pluvia.
Quam decora fundamenta
Per concinna sacramenta
Umbræ præcurrentia.
Latus Adæ dormientis
Evam fudit immanentis
Copulæ primordia.
Arca ligno fabricata
Noe servat gubernata
Per mundi diluvium.
Prole serâ tandem fæta
Anus Sara ridet læta
Nostram lactans gaudium.
In bivio tegens nuda
Geminos parit ex Juda
Thamar diu vidua.
Sic Moyses à puellâ,
Dum se lavat, in fiscellâ
Reperitur scirpeâ.

THE OCTAVE OF THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

The original is much longer, but the Sarum Missal gives only the following.

THE dwellings of the Lord of Hosts how fair!
The Master-Builder's courts how sure they are!
Unharmed by wind, or floods, or rain,
For ever settled they remain.
How majestic their foundations,
Shadowy prefigurations
Of the mystic types pourtray.
Formed from sleeping Adam's side
Eve of the approaching Bride
Doth a sign convey.
Framed of wood the Ark doth save
Noah guided o'er the wave,
When the world was drowned.
Sarah, stricken now in years,
Laughs when she an infant bears;
Her joy doth ours expound.

Hic mas agnus immolatur
Quo Israel satiatur,
  Tinctus ejus sanguine.
Huc venit Austri regina
Salomonis quam divina
  Condit sapientia.
Hæc est nigra sed formosa,
Myrrhâ et thure formosa,
  Virga pigmentaria.
Hæc futura quæ figura
Obumbravit, reseravit
  Nobis dies gratiæ.
Jam in lecto cum dilecto
Quiescamus et psallamus,
  Adsunt enim nuptiæ,
Quarum tonat initium
In tubis epulantium
  Et finis per psalterium.
Sponsum millena millia
Unâ laudant melodiâ
  Sine fine dicentia,
  Alleluya, Alleluya.

Long widowed, veiled in robes unfitting,
Thamar, by the wayside sitting,
  To Judah twins doth bear.
The royal maiden doth deliver
The infant Moses from the river,
  In bulrush ark laid near.
This is the male lamb sacrificed
With which all Israel was sufficed,
  And by its blood brought nigh;
Of Sheba's utmost parts the Queen
In quest of wisdom here is seen,
  King Solomon to try:
Black, yet comely, see we her,
Perfumed with frankincense and myrrh,
  With balmy odours fraught.
Thus things to come which types concealed,
The day of grace hath now revealed,
  And illustration brought.
Now let us take our rest and sing,
With the beloved tarrying,
  The marriage-hour is come;
The trumpets, as the guests go in,
With echoing tones the Feast begin,
  The psaltery charms them home;
Ten thousand thousand voices raise
With one consent the Bridegroom's praise.
  And Alleluia! Alleluia! cry,
  In everlasting joy, unceasingly.

DE INVENTIONE SANCTA CRUCIS.

SALVE, crux sancta,
Arbor digna.
Cujus robur pretiosum
Mundi ferret talentum.
Ut hostis per lignum victor
Ligno revinceretur.
Quodque exortu mortis
Primis erat terrigenis
Paradiso propulsis
Causa, etiam vitæ foret cunctis
Christi morte verè vivificatis.
Horrificum tu es semper signum
Inimicis, crux sancta, sævis.
Quam mors pavet
Infernusque timet,
Quæ Christo suos
Reconsignat,
Cui sit laus in æternum.

THE INVENTION OF THE HOLY CROSS.

THOU holy Cross, all hail!
Thou Tree of dignity!
The goodly price at which the world
Was prized hung once on thee.
That so the ancient foe
Who triumphed by a tree,
Should by a Tree discomfited
Lose all his victory.
And what brought death to men
Cast out of Paradise,
Might be the cause of life to all
Who by Christ's death arise.
A spectacle of dread
To our fell enemies
Ever thou art, O holy Cross,
Scaring their evil eyes.
That which strikes death with awe
And hell with dire dismay
His own doth seal for Christ anew;
To Whom be praise for aye.

TRACTUS DE NOMINE JESU.

DULCE Nomen Jesu Christi,
Felix omen ferens tristi
Jocundas mentem jubilo.
Tollit luctum, affert fructum,
Et obductum et seductum
Purgat cor a nubilo.
Nominatum, invocatum,
Honoratum, prędicatum,
Semper sonat dulciter.
Tam peccatum quam reatum
Condonatum, expurgatum,
Reddit mulcens leniter.
Hostes ferit, mores serit,
Mala terit, graves gerit,
Plenum est præsidium.
Nos defendit, nos accendit,
Nos intendit et extendit
Hoc Nomen in gaudium.

TRACT ON THE NAME OF JESUS.[1]

JESU Christ, Name sweet to hear,
To the sad an omen dear,
With joy thou fill'st the mind.
Grief from Thee flies, we gain a prize,
And clouded eyes see light arise
And truth the erring find.
To speak that Name, or to proclaim,
Or give it fame, is still the same,
It ever sweetly sounds;
Foul deeds of sin, bad thoughts within,
Cleansed by that Name, do pardon win,
Which gently heals our wounds.
It scares our foes, and goodness sows,
It soothes our woes, the proud o'erthrows,
It gives protection sure.
This Name defends, and vigour lends,
Our will amends, our aim extends,
To joys which aye endure.

[1] The *Tract* is said instead of *Alleluia* on all Sundays within the forty days of Lent. This being metrical, forming a part of a Mass of *The Name of Jesus*, said to have been composed by F. Bernardin de Bustis in the time of Sixtus IV., is introduced here, in addition to the Sequence which follows it.

DE NOMINE JESU.

JESUS dulcis Nazarenus,
Judæorum Rex amœnus,
Pius, pulcher, floridus;
Pro salute suæ gentis
Subit mortem cum tormentis
Factus pallens, lividus.
Dulce nomen et cognomen
Hoc transcendens est prænomen
Omnibus hominibus.
Mulcet reos, sanat eos,
Fovet justos, munit eos,
Servans ab insultibus.
Hujus Regis sub vexillo
Statu degis in tranquillo,
Hostes tui fugiunt.
Nomen Ejus meditatum
Belli fugat apparatum,
Hostes victi rugiunt.
Hoc est Nomen recolendum,
Quod sic semper est tremendum
Malignis spiritibus:
Hoc est Nomen salutare,
Et solamen singulare,
Quod succurrit tristibus.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

JESUS, the gentle Nazarene,
King of the Jews, of kindly mien,
Gracious in life's fair bloom,
That He might His own people save
Himself to death in torment gave,
Borne pallid to the tomb.
Sweet is the Name, sweet the Surname,
No one such title can proclaim,
Surpassing all beside:
It sinners soothes, and gives them cure,
Comforts the just, and keeps them sure,
Whatever may betide.
Under the banner of this King
Thy life doth cease from troubling,
Thy foes before thee flee;
If thou but think upon this Name,
Warlike array is put to shame,
And thou shalt conqueror be.
Unto this Name be honour paid,
Which evil spirits, sore afraid,
Dread, and before It quail:
This is the Name which brings salvation,
The only certain consolation
To aid when sad hearts fail.

Hoc nos decet honorare,
Arcâ cordis inserare,
Cogitare, peramare,
  Amore sed heroico.
Ignatius hoc docuit,
Illud passus insonuit,
Cor ejus scissum patuit
  Inscriptum Jesu cælico.
Ut quid majora cupimus
Quam quod sit Jesus intimus,
Qui est præamantissimus,
  Et quærit nos amare.
Amat ferventissimè,
Amat constantissimè,
Amat fidelissimè,
  Et suos vult juvare.
Nomen suum fecit tale
Ut sit cunctis cordiale,
Capitale, principale,
  Dilectum ex intimis.
Habent hoc naturæ jura
Ut amantem totâ curâ
Reamemus placitura
  Præstantes ex animis.
Jesu Nomen omne bonum
Tenet, dulcem facit sonum,
Promeretur regni thronum,
  Auditum lætificat.
In hoc lucet splendor patris,
In hoc patet decor matris,

This are we bound to venerate,
In our hearts' storehouse to instate,
Think of it with affection great,
  But with heroic love.
Ignatius this lesson taught;
When his good fight the martyr fought,
Upon his riven heart was wrought
  Jesus, the Lord above.
No higher can our wishes tend
Than to have Jesus for our friend,
Whose love doth every love transcend,
  And never doth upbraid.
  He loves us, O how fervently!
He loves us, O how constantly!
He loves us, O how faithfully!
  Eager to give us aid.
So wondrous hath He made His Name,
That It the hearts of all doth claim,
First in importance, chief in fame,
  Sweet to our inmost will.
Our human nature's laws ordain
That him who loves we love again,
And all our powers delight to strain,
  His pleasure to fulfil.
All good doth in that Name abound;
Its utterance makes the sweetest sound,
In it is royal merit found,
  To hear it gives delight.
In it a father's brightness shines,
A mother's beauty it enshrines,

In hoc fulget honor fratris,
  Hoc fratres magnificat.
Ergo si quis velit scire
Quare Jesu Nomen mire
Facit bonos concupire
  Sui inherentiam ;
Jesus pulcher in decore,
Summè bonus in valore,
Mitis, lenis cum dulcore,
  Pronus ad clementiam ;
Jesus est Rex generosus,
Jesus formâ speciosus,
Jesus linguâ gratiosus,
  Et mirandus opere.
Jesus fortis, animosus,
Jesus pugil vigorosus,
Jesus donis copiosus,
  Et gaudet tribuere.
Jesus piè viscerosus,
Jesus ductor luminosus,
Jesus est deliciosus,
  Et sapit dulcissime.
Jesus famâ gloriosus,
Jesus cunctis fructuosus,
Jesus totus virtuosus,
  Fovet suos optimè.
Summus, potens in vigore,
Summus, celsus in honore,
Summus, gratus in amore,
  Omnem laudem obtinet.

A brother's honour it combines,
  Brethren it decks with might.
Wherefore whoe'er desires to see
Why Jesus' Name so wondrously
Doth cause the good to long that He
  May deign in them to dwell;
Jesus in beauty is most fair.
In goodness is without compare,
His gentle sweetness all doth bear,
  His mercy none can tell.
Jesus is King of noble line,
Jesus is comeliness divine,
Jesus in word doth mighty shine,
  In deeds most marvellous.
Jesus, courageous and high-souled;
Jesus, the gladiator bold;
Jesus, Whose gifts can ne'er be told,
  In bounty plenteous.
Jesus, compassionate and kind;
Jesus, bright leader of the blind;
Jesus, all sweets in Him we find,
  In Him is our delight.
Jesus, in glory high renowned;
Jesus, by all men fruitful found,
Jesus, with every virtue crowned,
  Gives comfort infinite.
Above all might, the mightiest;
Above all honour, lordliest;
Above all love, the loveliest,
  All praise to Him pertains.

In sciendo omne sapit,
Ambiendo cuncta capit,
Diligendo corda rapit,
  Et illata detinet.
Eja! nobis Nomen gratum,
Jesus dulcis appellatum,
Sit in corde sic firmatum
  Ut non possit erui.
Hoc reatum peccatorum
Tollat, præstet jubilorum
Odas, sede beatorum
  Donet nobis perfrui.

In knowledge He doth all transcend,
His circuit doth to all extend,
His love all hearts doth apprehend,
  And captive made detains.
Hail! Name so precious to the ear!
Sweet Jesus! Name which all revere;
May nought on earth prevail to tear
  This title from our heart.
By this let sin be done away,
To this let each one homage pay,
Through this in heavenly realms we pray
  May we attain a part.

Daniel bestows on this Sequence his special approval; his words are worth quoting:—"Such lays as this must needs be perused by all who desire to avoid the idle and unfair judgments pronounced on the religion of the middle ages. What can be sweeter, what more sublime; and (to add the highest praise) more Christian, than this Sequence!"

DE SANCTA CRUCE.

LAUDES Crucis attollamus
Nos, qui Crucis exultamus
Speciali gloriâ ;
Nam in Cruce triumphamus,
Hostem ferum superamus
Vitali victoriâ.
Dulce melos tangat cœlos,
Dulce lignum dulci dignum
Credimus melodiâ ;
Voci vita non discordet
Cum vox vitam non remordet,
Dulcis est symphonia.
Servi Crucis Crucem laudent,
Per quam Crucem sibi gaudent
Vitæ dari munera ;
Dicant omnes et dicant singuli,
Ave salus totius sæculi
Arbor salutifera.
O quam felix, quam præclara
Fuit hæc salutis ara
Rubens Agni sanguine ;

THE EXALTATION OF THE HOLY CROSS.

(ADAM DE S. VICTOR.)

LET us extol the Cross's praise
And in its special glory raise
Our voice exultingly;
For by the Cross we triumph gain,
And o'er the cruel foe obtain
Life-giving victory.
Let dulcet sound to heaven resound,
O'er the sweet wood of holy Rood
Rejoice, as it is meet;
Let life and words concordant be:
When life at one with words we see,
The symphony is sweet.
The Cross let all its servants praise,
By which new life and healthful days
Upon them are bestowed:
Let each and all together cry,
Hail, Cross! the world's recovery,
Salvation-bearing Rood!
O how blessëd, how renowned
Is this saving Altar found
On which the Lamb was slain;

Agni sine maculâ
Qui mundavit sæcula
  Ab antiquo crimine.
Hæc est scala peccatorum,
Per quam Christus Rex cœlorum
  Ad Se traxit omnia;
Forma Cujus hæc ostendit
Quæ terrarum comprehendit
  Quatuor confinia.
Non sunt nova sacramenta,
Nec recenter est inventa
  Crucis hæc religio;
Ista dulces aquas fecit,
Per hanc silex aquas jecit
  Moysi officio.
Nulla salus est in domo,
Nisi Cruce munit homo
  Superliminaria;
Neque sensit gladium
Nec amisit filium
  Quisquis egit talia.
Ligna legens in Sareptâ
Spem solutis est adepta
  Pauper muliercula;
Sine lignis fidei
Nec lecythus olei
  Valet nec farinula.
In scripturis sub figuris
Ista latent, sed jam patent
  Crucis beneficia:

Spotless Lamb, by Whom mankind
Full deliverance doth find
  From sin's primæval stain.
The ladder This to sinners given,
By means of which Christ, King of heaven,
  Drew to Him all our race;
This doth the form thereof display,
The arms, outstretching every way
  The world's four parts embrace.
These are not novel mysteries,
Not newly doth the Cross uprise
  Its mighty power to show;
This sweetened erst the bitter well;
Moses did from the rock compel
  Water by This to flow.
No safety in the house abides
Till by the Cross who there resides
  His threshold doth secure;
No danger from the murderous foe,
No sad bereavement doth he know,
  Who thus doth help procure.
The widow, lacking fire and food,
Who at Sarepta gathered wood,
  The hope of safety gained;
Without two sticks for faith to use,
Barrel of meal and scanty cruise
  Had increase ne'er obtained.
In ancient writ the Cross lay hid,
Yet types did show what now we know;
  To us 'tis brought to light.

Reges credunt, hostes cedunt
Solâ Cruce Christo duce
  Unus fugat millia.
Ista suos fortiores
Semper facit et victores,
Morbos sanat et languores,
  Reprimit dæmonia:
Dat captivis libertatem,
Vitæ confert novitatem,
Ad antiquam dignitatem
  Crux reduxit omnia.
O Crux, lignum triumphale,
Vera mundi salus, vale,
Inter ligna nullum tale
  Fronde, flore, germine:
Medicina Christiana,
Salve sanos, ægros sana,
Quod non valet vis humana
  Fit in tuo nomine.
Assistentes Crucis laudi
Consecrator Crucis audi,
Atque servos tuæ Crucis
Post hanc vitam, veræ lucis
  Transfer ad palatia;
Quós tormento vis servire,
Fac tormenta non sentire,
Sed cum Dies erit Iræ
Confer nobis et largire
  Sempiterna gaudia.

Kings credence give, foes cease to strive;
By This alone, Christ leading, one
  Doth thousands put to flight.
The Cross doth make its servants brave,
And ever victory to have;
Heals weakness and diseases grave;
  Before it demons cower;
This to the captive freedom gives,
Regenerates our vicious lives;
All ancient dignity revives
  Beneath the Cross's power.
O holy Cross, triumphant Tree!
The world's true health, all hail to thee!
Amidst the trees none such can be
  In leaf, or flower, or bud.
Medicine of the Christian soul,
Heal Thou the sick, preserve the whole;
Things which no mortal can control
  Cannot thy power elude.
Thou, Who the Cross didst hallow, hear
Us who that holy Cross revere;
The servants of Thy Cross convey
Unto the realms of changeless day,
  When this life's toils are o'er:
Those whom by pain Thou makest pure
From everlasting pains secure;
And when the Day of Wrath shall come,
Of Thy vast mercy fetch us home
  To joys for evermore.

DE S. MICHAELE.

AD celebres, Rex cœlice,
Laudes cuncta
Pangat canorâ caterva
Symphoniâ,
Odas atque solvat concio
Tibi nostra,
Cum jam renovantur
Michaelis inclyta
Valde festa,
Per quem lætabunda
Perornatur machina
Mundi tota.
Nonies distincta
Neumatum sunt agmina
Per Te facta:
Sed cum vis, facis hæc
Flammea per angelicas
Officinas.
Inter primæva
Sunt hæc nam creata Tua,
Cum simus nos
Ultima factura, sed imago Tua.

S. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

TO give Thee glory, heavenly King,
With symphonies and tuneful lays,
Let all the choir united bring
Their tribute of harmonious praise.
Again returns the festal day
Of Michael, champion renowned,
Whose mighty ministering sway
Gives lustre to the world around.
Fitly arrayed in orders nine
The spiritual armies stand;
Their angel forms transfigured shine
Like flames of fire at Thy command.
First among things created they,
Last, fashioned in Thine image, we;
Divines each office to pourtray
In nine symbolic names agree.

Theologica
Categorizant symbola
Nobis per ter
Tripartita per privata officia;
Plebs Angelica,
Phalanx et Archangelica,
Principans turma,
Virtus uranica,
Ac Potestas almiphona.
Dominantia nomina,
Divinaque Subsellia,
Cherubim ætherea
Ac Seraphim ignicoma.
Vos, O Michael, cœli satrapa,
Gabrielque vera
Dans verbi nuntia,
Atque Raphael vitæ vernula,
Transferte nos inter
Paradisicolas.
Per vos Patris cuncta
Complentur mandata,
Quæ dat Ejusdem sophia
Compar quoque Pneuma,
Una permanens in usiâ,
Cui estis administrantia
Deo millia millium sacra.
Vices per bis quinas
Bis atque quingentas,[1]

[1] Al. quingenta dena.

Angels, an army manifold,
  Archangels, serried phalanx brigl
And Principalities untold,
  Power gracious-mouthëd, heavenl
Thrones which before th' Almighty
  Dominions high of puissant name,
And Cherubim, æthereal band,
  And Seraphim with hair of flame.
Do ye, O Michael, prince of heaven,
  And Gabriel, bearing tidings bles
And Raphael, erst a servant given,
  Bear us in Paradise to rest.
By you the Father's work is done,
  Set forth by wisdom of the Same
And the coæval Spirit, one
  In substance, never-failing Name.
God to Himself doth consecrate
  Your thousand thousand holy ban
Your hundred thousand thousands v
  In courses ten on His commands,
Arrayed the palace courts around;
  Whither the hundredth sheep, lon
And the tenth piece of silver found,
  Cause of your joy, the King hath
Ye in the heavens, a chosen choir,
  We, the expanse below that tread
Our votive harmonies conspire
  With tuneful harp and lute to we

Vestra centena millena
Assistunt in aulâ,
Ad quam Rex ovem centesimam
Verbigena drachmamque decimam
Vestra duxit ad agalmata.[1]
Vos per æthra,
Nos per rura terrea,
Pars electa, harmoniæ vota
Demus hyperlyricâ cytharâ,
Ut post bella Michaelis inclyta
Nostra Deo sint accepta
Auream super aram thymiamata.
Quo in coævâ jam gloriâ
Condecantemus Alleluia.

[1] Super algamatha.

That so when Michael's wars shall end,
  Our prayers well pleasing to the skies
May from the golden Altar wend,
  While ceaseless Alleluias rise.

IN NATALI UNIUS EVANGELISTÆ.

LAUS devotâ mente
Choro concinente,
Christo sit cum gloriâ;
Qui Evangelistas
Veri dogmatistas
Insignivit gratiâ.
Quique suo more
Lucem ex fulgore
Dat per orbis climata:
Tales dum elegit
Per quos jam subegit
Hæreses et schismata.
Hi bis bini fontes
Valles atque montes
Irrigantes flumine;
Orti Paradiso
Mundum indiviso
Illustrantes famine.
Illos per bis bina
Visio divina
Signat animalia,

THE COMMON OF AN EVANGELIST.

TO Christ your voices raise,
In glorifying praise,
Ye reverential choir;
Who the Evangelists,
Truth's earnest dogmatists,
Did with His grace inspire:
Who, as Him doth beseem
Who by the lightning's gleam
Unto the world gives light;
By these whom He chose out
All heresies doth rout,
And schism put to flight.
These are the fountains four
From whence the rivers pour
O'er hill and glade to reach;
From Paradise they spring,
The world illumining
With undivided speech.
Four living creatures show
These four to us below,
So holy vision says:

A quibusdam visa
Formis tunc divisa
Gestu sed æqualia.
Pennis decorata,
Terris elevata,
Cum rotis euntia ;
Facie serenâ,
Oculorum plena,
Verbi Dei nuncia.
In his possunt cerni
Annuli quaterni
Quibus Archa vehitur ;
Quorum dogma sanum
Per Samaritanum
Circumquaque seritur.
Tali quasi plaustro
Mulier ab austro
Salomonem adiit ;
In hâc seu quadrigâ
Agnus est auriga
Qui pro nobis obiit.
Istis in bis binis
Caput est et finis
Christus complens omnia ;
Horum documentis,

Each differing in form,
In action uniform,
  Before the prophet's gaze.
With wings of fashion fair,
Poised o'er the earth in air,
  Forth with their wheels they go;
Calm and composed of mien,
And full of eyes, and keen
  The Word of God to show.
In these we may behold
The twice two rings of gold,
  Which Israel's Ark did bear;
Their doctrine's wholesome sound,
Christ's Church, wherever found,
  Its Keeper,[1] doth declare.
On such a car conveyed,
The Queen of Sheba paid
  Her court to Solomon;
These the Lamb's chariots are,
Who, for the love He bare
  Towards us, to death was done.
Christ is the head and end
Who all doth comprehend,

[1] S. Augustine, commenting on the Jews saying to our Lord, "Thou art a Samaritan and hast a devil," remarks that Christ did not repudiate the title "Samaritan," "because it signifies "keeper," *custos*, and He is the true Keeper." I have ventured to interpret the obscure phrase "Samaritanum," in the spirit of this commentary, as implying that Christ's Church is "the Keeper of Holy Writ."

Horum instrumentis
Florens stat Ecclesia.
Horum nos precatu
Mortis a reatu
Solvat Christi gratia:
Horum ut doctrinâ
Virtus nos divina
Ducat ad cœlestia.

In these four Gospels found;
Upon their teaching staid,
Their instrumental aid,
The Church her faith doth ground.
At their blest intercessions
May Christ from all transgressions
Deliver us through grace;
And, by the Word they teach
Direct us till we reach
In Heaven a resting-place.

COMMUNE PLURIMORUM MARTYRUM.

Sequentia I.

ECCE pulcrâ canorum resonet voce Alleluia,
Intimans requiem civibus inclytam.
Felicia nimium Angelorum rutilant
agmina,
Sancte, Sancte, Sancte, Christo ovanter proclamantia
Sublimi in cathedrâ Apostolorum sede fulgidâ
Lampada tribus et linguas judicantia
Omnia ut stercora reputârunt tumida
Propter hæc emicant velut stella firmamenti clara.
Stolis candidis martyrum adornantur colla,
Hi sunt milites qui mundi prœliârunt bella,
Coronis albis coronantur sancti,
Qui confitentes crediderunt juste
Vel fide certantes
Respuerunt vana,
Modo habent cœlestia regna,
In quâ triumphant dicentes optimè
Sive canticant psallentes carmina
Arte laudiferâ
Voce dulcissimâ

MANY MARTYRS.

Sequence I.

ALLELUIAS softly sounding,
Chant the Martyrs' requiem;
Angel hosts in joy abounding,
Bright in heavenly glory gleam:
Holy, Holy, Holy, crying,
As Christ's heralds doth beseem.
In the brilliant habitations
Where Apostles throned in state
Judge all tribes and tongues and nations,
Shining with effulgence great,
These who all as loss have counted,
Lesser stars, in order wait.
Martyrs o'er the world victorious
Stand in raiment white arrayed,
Saints in snowy chaplets glorious,
There are seen, who undismayed
Witnessëd a good confession,
Ne'er the faith and truth betrayed.
Heaven is now their habitation,
Uttering words for triumph meet,

Regi Christo submittentes colla.
Multum recitaris laude Spirituum,
Atque jubilaris in choro Virginum,.
Alleluia dulcimode
Te decantant pudicum agmina.
Laus Tibi sit semper, Christe, per omnia,
Qui opitularis cantantes talia
Voce pulcrâ Alleluia.
Et nos, Christe, proclamamus unà.
Da nobis eterna regna florida,
Ubi cantemus omnes Alleluia.

Sequentia II.

MIRABILIS Deus in sanctis, mirabilia dans magnifica:
Qui fide præclarâ vicerunt mundi gravissima pericula:
Judicum minas, verbera, et blanditias
Contemnentes mente robustâ,
Verò transfuderunt Regi animas.
Ergo triumphant, laureâ compti capita,
Secuti rectè vestigia
Agni singularis Christi sacrata,
Cui assidue melliflua dant cantica,

Chanting hymns of exultation,
  Blending skill with voices sweet,
They before him lowly bowing,
  Christ the King submissive greet.
Much the Spirits sing thy praises
  Virgin choirs rejoice in Thee,
All the heavenly host upraises
  In harmonious jubilee
Alleluia, Alleluia,
  To Thy spotless purity.
Praise to Thee Who aidest ever
  All who so Thee glorify;
We to Christ with tuneful fervour
  Lift our Alleluias high:
In that Kingdom fair and shining
  May we sing unceasingly.

Sequence II.

GOD is much to be admired,
  In the Saints whom He inspired,
  Great and wondrous acts they wrought,
Firmly 'gainst the world they fought.
Judges' threatenings they o'ercame,
Stripes could not their courage tame;
Vain each soft cajoling breath;
For their King they welcomed death.

Ejus prædulcissimâ pleni gratiâ.
Quorum celebrantes solemnia
Consortio jungi quo mereamur
Christus annuat, Qui nostra est gloria.

Therefore now they triumph high
Laurel-crowned in victory:
Following with duteous heed
Where Christ's holy footsteps lead.
To the Lamb, renownëd Name,
Hymns they pour with sweet acclaim:
O may we who keep their day
Join, through Him, their bright array!

DE QUINQUE VULNERIBUS

D. N. J. CHRISTI.

CŒNAM cum discipulis, Christe, celebrâsti,
Et mortem Apostolis palam nunciâsti,
Et auctorem sceleris Judam demonstrâsti,
Et egressus protinus hortulum intrâsti.
Tunc procidens Dominus humo Se prostravit
Et transferri calicem à Se postulavit.
Sed Patris arbitrio illud commendavit,
Et ecce mox sanguinis sudor emanavit.
Judas post hoc osculum ori dedit Christi,
Ad quid, inquit Dominus, amice, venisti ?
Nunquid trades osculo Quem jam vendidisti ?
Assistentes protinus irruunt ministri.
Nox insomnis itaque illa ducebatur,
Nulla prorsus requies Jesu præstabatur.
Magistrorum impia plebs injuriatur,
Alapis et colaphis innocens mactatur.
Dum Jesum eripere Pilatus conatur,
Judæorum furia magis inflammatur.
Et tumultus populi ingens excitatur,
Et plebis vox intonat ut crucifigatur.

THE FIVE WOUNDS OF CHRIST.

THOU, Christ, with Thy disciples, the Feast didst celebrate,
Thy death to the Apostles didst openly relate;
And Judas, the arch-traitor, all-knowing didst foreshow,
And forthwith thence departing didst to the garden go.
Upon the earth then falling, the Lord did prostrate lie,
And prayed that cup might from Him, if possible, pass by.
Unto the Father's judgment He yet commended all,
And lo! His sweat as blood-drops upon the ground did fall.
To kiss that Face so sacred then Judas did presume,
Whereat the Lord said gently, "Friend, wherefore art thou come?
Him thou hast sold already with a kiss dost thou betray?"
Forthwith the soldiers seized Him and led the Lord away.
Jesus through those night hours in sleepless watch remained,
Nor sympathy nor respite on any side obtained.
By magistrates ungodly reviled and mocked He stands;
And innocent is buffeted and smitten by men's hands.
While Jesus to deliver Pilate himself essayed,
The madness of the people more fiercely is arrayed;
And crowds a mighty uproar stirred up on every side,
In wrath their voices thundered, and "Crucify Him!" cried.

Traditur militibus, vinculis arctatur,
Undique verberibus corpus cruentatur;
Caput Regis gloriæ spinis coronatur,
Postquam flexis genibus à cunctis irritatur.
Ecce caro tenera pii Salvatoris
Ad columnam nequiter coarctatur loris.
Sic flagellis cæditur impii tortoris
Quòd emanant rivuli undique cruoris.
Post per urbis medium Jesus procedebat,
Et crucis patibulum humeris ferebat:
Ad fores, ad ostia, populus fluebat,
Ejusque confusio omnibus patebat.
Ad pudoris cumulum, Jesu, denudaris,
Et ventis et frigori nudus spoliaris;
Innocens cum impiis in cruce damnaris
Et quasi dux sceleris medio locaris.
Tensis ligno brachiis manus conclavantur,
Corporis membra singula pœnis tractabantur.
Nervi, venæ, simili modo laniantur,
Pedes, plantæ, etiam ferro conclavantur.
Loquens Jesus postea, "sitio," dicebat,
Et acetum protinus felle commiscebat,
Ac infusum spongiæ ori porrigebat,
Quod degustans paululum sumere nolebat.
O Jesu, mirificè quid est quod agebas?
Tu de siti conquerens de Cruce silebas?
Nunquid hanc doloribus magis sentiebas?
Aut salutem potius nostram sitiebas?
Vocem promens ultimam Patrem invocâsti,
Spiritumque manibus Ejus commendâsti,

Captive and bound the Saviour away the soldiers bore,
With cruel blows His Body they mangled then full sore;
Upon the King of Glory they set a thorny crown;
Then all, to do Him despite, with bended knees bowed down.
The pitiful Redeemer, Who in tender flesh is found,
With thongs is to the pillar iniquitously bound.
The torturer's vile scourging He then doth undergo,
His precious Blood in rivers on every side doth flow.
Next Jesus through the city in slow procession came,
Bearing upon His shoulder the Cross of bitter shame.
Unto the gates of outlet streamed forth the populace,
To all men was revealëd His manifold disgrace.
Indignity most crowning, of clothing all bereft,
To winds and cold, O Jesu, exposëd Thou wert left;
The curse of sin, all sinless, Thou on the Cross didst bear
And 'midst the malefactors chief ignominy share.
With outstretched arms His hands, lo! are nailed to the tree;
Flesh, nerves, and veins, with iron are tortured piteously;
His feet and soles transfixëd in like wise torn we see.
Then, after these things speaking, "I thirst," the Saviour said;
Forthwith one ran and vinegar with gall comminglëd,
And on a sponge he put it unto His mouth with haste,
And yet He would not drink it, but scarce thereof would taste.
O Jesu, Wonder-worker, how dost Thou this explain?
Thou of the Cross art silent, yet dost of thirst complain.
Didst Thou feel thirst more keenly than all that bitter pain?
Or rather, our Salvation didst Thou so thirst to gain?
Then, on the Father calling, of words Thou mad'st an end,

Cum clamore valido tandem exspirâsti,
Sic salutis omnium opus consummâsti.
Nunc ego superbio, Tu humiliaris ;
Ego culpas perpetro, Tu pœnâ gravaris :
Ego pomum mordeo, Tu felle potâris :
Ego peto mollia, Tu dirè tractaris.
Demum cujus valeat mens vel lingua fari
Virgo intus creditur quantum cruciari ?
Dum cernit jam mortuum latus vulnerari,
Atque Nati viscera lanceâ rimari ?
Corpus ergò mortuum jam nil sentiebat,
Militis sed lancea pectus infigebat,
Quam fixam in Filii latere videbat,
Unde aqua sanguine mixta effluebat.
Fundunt rivos sanguinis fontes Salvatoris,
Properans huc anima currat peccatoris,
Et hauriat quispiam sacrati liquoris,
Quo frequenter liniat vulnera doloris.
Ad hunc ergò propera fontem Salvatoris,
Ut fluentis impleas viscera dulcoris,
Atque vitæ lavacrum, pretium cruoris,
Quo tui curatio profluat languoris.

And to His holy keeping Thy Spirit didst commend;
At length, with loud voice crying, Thou gavest up the ghost,
And so Thy work didst finish—the saving of the lost.
Now I, alas! deal proudly; Thou dost full lowly lie;
Mine are the foul transgressions; Thine is the penalty;
I eat the fruit forbidden; Thou drink'st the cup of gall;
I seek mine ease and pleasure; dread sorrows on Thee fall.
What mind or tongue, moreover, of living men can tell
The bitter pain and grief which the Virgin's heart befell,
When she beheld them pierce His already lifeless side,
And her Son's holy Body by a lance riven wide?
That lifeless Body, truly, no more the pang could feel,
But her sad heart was piercëd by the soldier's spear of steel,
When standing by she saw it in her Son's side infixed,
And forthwith thereout flowing came Blood and Water mixed.
Rivers of Blood most precious the Saviour's fountains give;
With speedy steps run hither, O sinner's soul, and live.
Let all with thirsty longing that sacred draught drink in,
That each may oft gain healing of all the wounds of sin.
Unto that Saviour's fountain betake thee then with speed,
That on the sweets thence flowing thy inmost soul may feed;
Purchased by that Blood's shedding, the Fount of Life we see;
May healing for thy sickness thence flow eternally!

IN FESTO CORONÆ DOMINI.

SI vis verè gloriari,
Et à Deo coronari
Honore et gloriâ ;
Hanc Coronam venerari
Studeas atque sectari
Portantis vestigia.
Hanc cœlorum Rex portavit
Honoravit et sacravit
Sacro suo capite :
In hâc galeâ pugnavit
Cum antiquum hostem stravit,
Triumphans in stipite.
Hæc pugnantis galea,
Triumphantis laurea,
Tyara pontificis :
Primum fuit spinea,
Post modum fit aurea
Pactu sancti verticis.
Spinarum aculeos
Virtus fecit aureos
Christi passionis,
Quæ peccatis spineos
Mortis æternæ reos
Adimplevit bonis.

THE CROWN OF OUR LORD.

(CARDINAL BONAVENTURA.)

WOULDST thou boast thyself aright,
And by God with glory bright
In eminence be crowned?
Learn this Crown to venerate,
And His course to imitate,
Whose Brow it did surround.
The King of Heaven wore this crown,
And gave it honour and renown
By His own sanctity;
In this casque He fought the fight,
And put the ancient foe to flight,
And triumphed on the Tree.
A knightly helm in this we see,
In this a palm of victory,
The High Priest's mitre too:
Though with thorns 'twas first arrayed,
Hallowed by that sacred head
It bare a golden hue.
For the sharpness of the thorns
By His passion Christ adorns
With rays of golden light:

De malis colligitur
Et de spinis plectitur
  Spinea perversis;
Sed in aurum vertitur,
Quando culpa tollitur
  Eisdem conversis.
Jocunda mysteria
Sunt hæc; sed materia
  Præsentis lætitiæ,
Nobis est historia
Quâ patenter Francia
  Coronatur hodie.
Hujus coronatio,
Coronæ[1] susceptio,
  Cujus festum agimus:
Debito cum gaudio
Et anniversario
  Honore recolimus.
Thesauro tam nobili
Tam desiderabili
  Dives es effecta,
Terra carens simili,

[1] The tradition is, that St. Louis received the Crown of Thorns from the Emperor of Constantinople, and deposited it in Notre Dame at Paris, erecting for its reception the Saints Chapelle. In the Revolution all was lost but two Thorns, which are said to be still preserved, together with a portion of the Holy Oil, said to have been brought in the Sainte Ampoule to the Baptistery at Rheims by a white dove, at the

Souls beset with thorns of sin,
Hopeless ever life to win,
  Find blessings infinite.
For the sinner thorns arise;
Of his own iniquities
  A thorny crown is twined:
But the thorns are changed to gold,
When he turns and seeks the fold,
  That he may mercy find.
These are right mysterious joys:
But the matter that employs
  Our gratulations now,
Is the tale which doth convey
Signal fame to France to-day
  To decorate her brow.
To her care the Holy Crown
Is entrusted as her own,
  Whereof we keep the day;
All the honour that is due,
With devotion yearly new,
  Unto this feast we pay.
Holding such a priceless treasure,

---

baptism of Clovis. The Ampoule itself was destroyed in 1793, but some fragments imbued with the holy oil, were carefully collected and placed in a vial, where, some essence being added to them, they were preserved, and the fluid used to anoint Charles X. Reference is made to this holy oil in this Sequence. These six stanzas are evidently interpolated, and give proof of the Gallican origin of the Sarum Missal.

Carens comparabili,
  Deo prædilecta.
Tria privilegia
Regna tibi alia
  Subdant in honore,
Fides et Militia,
Unctioque regia,
  Quarum flores flore.
Tibi, O urbs inclyta,
Omni laude prædita,
  Mater studiorum,
Est corona tradita
Et in te reposita,
  Urbs Parisiorum.
In Dei preconium
Totum confer studium,
  Totum cor appone;
Quæ Christi palladium
Et sacræ sacrarium
  Facta es Coronæ.
Jesu pie, Jesu bone,
Nostro nobis in agone
  Largire victoriam;
Mores nostros sic compone
Ut perpetuæ coronæ
  Mereamur gloriam. *Amen.*

To be longed for above measure,
  Thou art enriched indeed;
Happy land beyond compare,
To the Lord exceeding dear,
  Unequalled is thy meed.
Other realms to thee concede
Three distinctions that exceed
  The honours they can claim:
Faith unfeignëd, Valour great,
Oil thy kings to consecrate;
  So flourisheth thy fame.
City of illustrious name,
Brilliant in thy peerless fame,
  Mother to Science dear;
Paris, the pride of Gallic race,
In thee the Crown hath found a place
  Which faithful men revere.
God's Holy Name to magnify
Thy utmost energies apply,
  This for thy duty own;
Palladium of Christ divine,
Selected for the sacred shrine
  Of that most holy Crown.
O Jesu gentle, Jesu mild,
To us when pressed in conflict wild
  Grant victory over sin:
So deign our lives to rule and guide,
That we who in Thy aid confide
  An endless Crown may win. *Amen.*

FERIA IV. POST VISITATIONEM B. V. M.

LÆTABUNDUS exultet fidelis chorus
Alleluia.
Regem regum Intactæ profundit torus,
Res miranda.
Angelus consilii natus est de Virgine,
Sol de Stellâ.
Sol occasum nesciens, Stella semper rutilans,
Semper clara.
Sicut sydus radium, profert Virgo Filium,
Pari formâ.
Neque sydus radio, neque Mater Filio
Fit corrupta.
Cedrus alta Libani conformatur Hysopo,
Valle nostrâ.
Verbum ens Altissimi corporali passum est
Carne sumptâ.
Esaias cecinit, synagoga meminit, nunquam tamen desinit
Esse cæca.
Si non suis vatibus, credat vel gentilibus Sybellinis versibus

FOURTH DAY IN THE OCTAVE OF THE VISITATION OF B. V. M.

(ST. BERNARD.)

NOW let the faithful choir with joy exulting sing
Alleluia.
The Spotless forth doth bring of mighty kings the King,
O wonder rare;
The heaven-descended Counsellor born of a Virgin doth appear,
Sun of a Star.
A Sun that doth no setting know, a Star whose rays do ever glow,
Gleaming afar.
As a star puts forth its ray, so the Virgin in like way
Her Son doth bear.
Bright the star doth still endure, so the Virgin still is pure,
No stain is there.
Of Lebanon the Cedar tall is with the Hyssop on the wall
Made lowly here.

Hæc prædicta.
Infelix propera, crede vel vetera, cur damnaberis
Gens misera?
Quem docet litera Natum considera, Ipsum genuit
Puerpera.

The self-existent Word on high took on Him flesh
and bodily
His Passion bare.
Esaias this foretold, the synagogue of old
Knew this, yet fast doth hold
Its blindness drear.
To what their bards rehearse, by heathen Sibyl's verse
Confirmed, let hearts averse
At length give ear.
No longer then delay, unhappy nation say,
Wherefore be cast away?
E'en legends hear.
No more the Scripture scorn, think on the Child new-born,
Whom for this world forlorn,
The Virgin bare.

OFFICIUM BEATÆ MARIÆ.

MISSUS Gabriel de cœlis
Verbi bajulus fidelis
Sacris disserit loquelis
Cum beatâ Virgine.
Verbum bonum et suāve
Pandit intus in conclave
Et ex *Evâ* formans *Ave*
Evæ verso nomine.
Consequenter juxta pactum
Adest Verbum caro factum;
Semper tamen est intactum
Puellare gremium.
Patrem pariens ignorat,
Et Quam homo non deflorat
Non torquetur nec laborat
Quando parit Filium.
Signum audis novitatis,
Crede solum et est satis,
Non est tuæ facultatis
Solvere corrigiam.
Grande signum et insigne
Est in rubo et in igne,

OFFICE OF B. V. MARY.

(ADAM DE S. VICTOR, WRITTEN FOR THE ANNUNCIATION.)

FROM heaven Gabriel was sent,
The Word's envoy intelligent,
To speak in accents reverent
With Mary, blessed maid.
An excellent and kindly word
Is in that lowly chamber heard;
Eva the angel doth discard
And *Ave* saith instead.
The fulness of the time is come,
Forthwith the Word doth flesh assume,
Yet to that holy Virgin's womb
Is no dishonour done:
She bears who doth no husband know,
No pains of travail or of woe
Doth the unsullied maiden show
When she brings forth a Son.
New is the thing, and strange to see;
Believe, it is enough for thee,
For such as thou it may not be
T'unbind her sandal's tie;

Ne appropiet indignè
    Calceatus quispiam.
Virga sicca sine rore
Novo ritu, novo more,
Fructum protulit cum flore;
    Sic et Virgo peperit.
Benedictus talis fructus,
Fructus gaudii non luctûs,
Non erat Adam seductus
    Si de hoc gustaverit.
Jesus noster, Jesus bonus,
Piæ Matris pium onus,
Cujus est in cœlo thronus,
    Nascitur in stabulo.
Qui sic est pro nobis natus
Nostros deleat reatus,
Quia noster incolatus
    Hic est in periculo.

A sign beyond thy power to know
The unconsumëd Bush doth show,
Lest any with unloosened shoe
  Dare rashly to draw nigh.
The sapless Rod, devoid of dew,
By a new rite, and manner new,
Decked both with flower and fruit we view
  So did the Virgin bear.
Right blessëd is such fruit, I trow,—
Fruit of rejoicing, not of woe;
Adam had triumphed o'er his foe,
  If such had been his fare.
Jesus our Saviour, Lord alone,
A holy Mother's holy Son,
Who hath in highest Heaven His Throne,
  Is in a stable laid.
May He Who came in such a guise
Blot out all our iniquities,
Seeing our earthly sojourn lies
  In perils sore bestëd.

OFFICIUM BEATÆ MARIÆ.

Seq. II.

MITTIT ad Virginem
Non quemvis Angelum
Sed fortitudinem
Suam, Archangelum,
Amator hominis.
Fortem expediat
Pro nobis nuncium,
Naturæ faciat
Ut prejudicium,
In partu Virginis.
Naturam superat
Natus Rex gloriæ,
Regnat et imperat
Et zyma scoriæ
Tollit de medio.
Superbientium
Terit fastigia,
Colla sublimium
Calcans vi propriâ,
Potens in prælio.
Foras ejiciat
Mundanum principem

OFFICE OF B. V. MARY.

(PETER ABELARD).

NO one lower in grade
To the Virgin is sent,
But an Archangel dread,
Mighty Gabriel, went
On that message of love.
Such a herald renowned
Might such message explain,
And the new grace expound,
Nor a forecast disdain
Of her child-birth to prove.
For the glorious King
Nature's order and laws
In subjection doth bring,
The old leaven and dross
Casting out in His might.
The high looks of the proud
To confusion He turns,
And the arrogant crowd
Underneath Him He spurns,
As one valiant in fight.
The world's prince in his pride
Let Him cast forth in shame,

Sponsamque faciat
Secum participem
  Patris imperii.
Exi qui mitteris,
Hæc dona dissere,
Revela veteris
Velamen literæ
  Virtute nuncii.
Accede, nuncia,
Dic, *Ave*, cominus,
Dic, *Plena gratiâ*,
Dic, *Tecum Dominus*,
  Et dic, *Ne timeas*.
Virgo suscipias
Dei depositum,
In quo perficias
Casta propositum
  Et votum teneas.
Audit et suscipit
Puella nuncium,
Credit et concipit
Et parit Filium,
  Sed admirabilem
Consiliarium
Humani generis,
Et Deum fortium
Et Patrem posteris
  In pace stabilem.

And give part to His Bride
Of the kingdom and fame
  Of His Father on high.
On thine embassage go
These great gifts to narrate,
Back the curtain to throw
From the mystery great,
  Which in Scripture doth lie.
With thy message draw nigh,
Say "*Hail!*" reverently;
"*Full of grace* from on high
Lo! *the Lord is with thee,*
  Fear not, thou blessed one.
Do thou, Virgin, comply
With what God doth reveal,
So thy vowed chastity
Shall keep sacred its seal,
  Yet His will shall be done."
The chaste maiden believes
When the word she doth hear,
And forthwith she conceives,
And a Son she doth bear;
  Him of Wonderful Name;
Him the Counsellor grave,
All the world for to guide;
God, the mighty to save;
Father, aye to abide
  In peace ever the same.

CHISWICK PRESS:—WHITTINGHAM AND WILKINS,
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.